

# TIP TOP WEEKLY

An ideal publication for the American Youth

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No. 339.

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## DICK MERRIWELL'S MERCY

OR  
THE FIRST GAME ON THE GRIDIRON



DICK MADE A GREAT LEAP AND CAUGHT THE ARM OF THE DESPERATE BOY.



# Tip Top Weekly.

(LARGE SIZE.)

If you have not read them, look over this catalogue and you will read a list of stories unexcelled in any part of this world to-day.

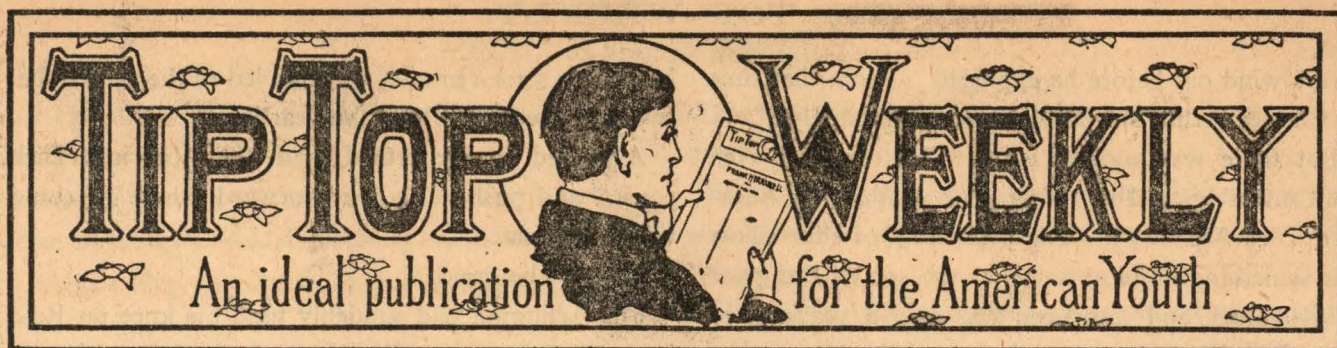
Don't fail to read these stories if you have not already.

- 298—Dick Merriwell's Race For Life; or, The Steady Hand and True Heart.
- 299—Dick Merriwell's Set-Back; or, Outplayed by the Masked Mysteries.
- 300—Dick Merriwell's Ride; or, Foiling the Agents of the Secret League of Spain.
- 301—Dick Merriwell's Honor; or, The Sacrifice That Cost Him Dearly.
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With TIP TOP No. 285 begins the now famous Fardale Series, in which Dick Merriwell has entered the good old school at which the career of Frank Merriwell also began some years ago. Thousands of young Americans will want to read of the fine things that Dick Merriwell has done, is doing and will in the future do.

**STREET & SMITH, Publishers, . . . 238 William St., New York.**





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# DICK MERRIWELL'S MERCY;

OR,

## The First Game on the Gridiron.

By BURT L. STANDISH.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE WRESTLERS.

"Foul!"

Dick Merriwell uttered the exclamation.

A group of cadets had gathered at one side of the field during football practice. As Dick was leaving the field after practice was over he paused to watch two fellows wrestling. One of them was the important plebe, Chester Arlington, who aspired to be the leader of his class. His opponent was Frank Reid, a yearling.

This contest was creating great excitement, as there was the usual amount of feeling between the plebes and yearlings, and boys from each class were cheering for their champion.

Reid was a supple, wiry fellow, and he had something of a reputation as a wrestler.

Arlington was a well-built lad, but he had an im-

portant, cynical manner that made him unbearable when he was at his worst. At his best, he was offensive to all those he did not wish to particularly win as his friends.

But Arlington knew how to buy "friends" by the lavish use of money. He was not aware that money-bought friendship is ever of the most unsatisfactory sort.

On first entering Fardale, Arlington had been surprised and disgusted to find that he was not looked on with awe by any one outside of his own class. He took pains to make known to the members of other classes that he was the son of D. Roscoe Arlington, the great railroad magnate, expecting that his hearers would be quite overcome. Instead, they regarded him with slight curiosity and very little respect. One rude fellow by the name of Buckhart, a yearling, who hailed from Texas, rudely advised him to uncork himself and



let the wind out before he exploded. From that time on Chester Arlington hated Buckhart intensely.

But there was another whom Chester hated even more intensely, and that was the roommate of Buckhart, Dick Merriwell. The popularity of this fellow was something quite amazing to the son of the great railroad man, and Merriwell was only a yearling, at that. In all athletic sports he was a leader, and he was captain of the football team.

Now Arlington had played football at high school, and it was his ambition to get onto the Fardale team. He had fancied he would have not the slightest trouble in this, and he had notified Dick Merriwell that he would condescend to play if he could have his regular position at half-back. To his amazement he was notified that he would have to come out with the other candidates and show what he was capable of doing before he could get onto the team.

"But I am Chester Arlington, son of D. Roscoe Arlington," he explained, and he nearly fainted when told it would not make the slightest difference if he were the son of the President of the United States.

Then Arlington, who was accompanied by a young Spaniard by the name of Miguel Bunol, became abusive. An encounter had followed, in which both Arlington and Bunol were handled roughly by Dick Merriwell. The Spanish boy had drawn a knife, only to have it twisted out of his hand and flung aside.

From that day Arlington planned to undermine Dick Merriwell. He knew Dick could fight when compelled to do so, but still he felt himself young Merriwell's superior in every way. He had been taken by surprise in the first encounter. Merriwell was handy with his fists. But there were other ways to defeat him.

Arlington had taken wrestling lessons of a famous wrestler, and he was confident that he could throw any lad of his age and bigness. Often he had thought he would like to have a go with Dick Merriwell, but the captain of the eleven gave him very little opportunity to get into a contest.

Chester had boasted for some time that he was a great wrestler. This day during football practice he

had made some remarks that had led to the contest between himself and Reid, the yearling.

Attracted by the crowd and the cheering, Dick paused and pushed his way forward where he could watch the match.

"Foul!" he cried.

For Arlington had suddenly used his knee on Reid in such a manner that Frank was doubled up with pain and easily hurled to the ground.

"Foul!" repeated Dick, his eyes gleaming.

"Who said so?" snarled the millionaire's son, as he gathered himself and rose to his feet.

"I said so!"

Dick stepped out.

A murmur ran round the circle as the two lads faced each other, for it was generally known that there was nothing like a feeling of friendliness between them.

Arlington's breathing caused his chest to heave a bit, but his lip curled scornfully as he folded his hands and demanded.

"Who are you?"

The emphasis on "you" was most cutting.

Dick seemed to pay no heed to the sneering question, but he immediately said:

"You know you played a foul trick! You used your knee to knock the wind and strength out of him. He's doubled up with pain now. No one but a very dirty fellow would play such a game in a wrestling match!"

"That thar is plain talk, partner, but it's straight and square," cried Brad Buckhart, who had also joined the spectators.

"You're insulting, Merriwell!" hissed Arlington, his face going white in spite of his heat. "What are you doing; trying to pick up a fight with me? If so, you are too far below me for me to notice it."

"That's a right good way to feel when you're liable to get thrashed good and hard," laughed Buckhart.

"You're a common scrapper!" said Arlington, with his eyes still fixed on Dick—"I never fight with a fellow like you—if I can help it."

Buckhart laughed.

"No wonder!" he exclaimed. "If I were in your



place I'd take care not to get licked right along. I would, I know!"

Several fellows were bending over Reid, who was rolling on the ground and groaning with pain.

"It was a dirty piece of business!" exclaimed a yearling.

To this a plebe retorted, and there seemed every chance of an immediate encounter between the members of the two classes present.

"He couldn't win any other way," declared a yearling.

"He can throw any man in your class!" exclaimed a plebe; "Dick Merriwell included!"

This brought a shout of derision from the yearlings.

"He couldn't throw a fit!" derisively declared Brad Buckhart.

Fred Stark chipped in.

"We are willing to back him against Merriwell," he said, in his soft, sneering way. "And he can throw Merriwell just about four times out of four, too!"

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Ted Smart, dolefully. "I fear that is the truth! At the same time, I should greatly enjoy seeing him do it."

Buck grasped Dick by the arm.

"Say!" he exclaimed, in a low tone; "will you stand for that kind of talk?"

At the same time Mark Crauthers was speaking to Arlington.

"We all know you don't like to wrestle with him," he said; "but it won't do to fight here, and he has dipped into this thing to back you down or force you to go against him."

"If that is what he is after," said Chester, at once, "I'll give him all he wants! I'll agree to throw him twice out of three times, and do it in a hurry, too. I don't fancy the job, but right here is where I show Mr. Merriwell up."

In truth, he had been looking for this opportunity, having absolute confidence in his ability to outwrestle Dick.

"You have made so much talk, Mr. Merriwell," said Crauthers; "now let's see you take hold of Chester

Arlington. He'll show you a few things about wrestling."

Such an encounter was distasteful to Dick, who hesitated. Besides, he was not in garments suitable for wrestling.

The plebes noticed this hesitation and set up a great shout of derision.

"He's afraid!" they yelled.

"For the Lord's sake, pard," gasped Buckhart, "do get into him good and plenty!"

A dangerous gleam had flashed into young Merriwell's dark eyes. He had donned a sweater, but now he stripped this off. Beneath the sweater he wore a jersey.

"He's going to wrestle!" was the cry.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MATCH.

The excited lads drew off and made a ring. Several fellows appointed themselves as guards to hold the others back and keep them from pressing on the wrestlers.

Dick stepped out at one side of the ring. He was calm and cool, with his lips pressed tightly together.

Buckhart was his second.

Crauthers had been serving for Arlington.

"Don't fool with him, Dick!" urged Brad. "Just nail him to the ground in short order. You can do it in a hurry, if you want to. Put him out of business. I would, if I had a hand in this and could do it. Think what a trick he played on Reid!"

"I don't wrestle that way," said Dick. "If I throw him, it will be in a fair manner."

"If you do! Why, say, Dick, you don't reckon there is any doubt about that?"

"I shall do my best."

"It is to be catch-as-catch-can," announced Elmer Dow, who had been selected as referee. "Are you ready, fellows?"

"All ready," said Dick.

Crauthers was whispering something in Arlington's ear. For a long time he had taken pains to try to con-



ceal his enmity toward Dick Merriwell, but recent events had betrayed him, and he knew that further efforts at subterfuge were useless.

The son of the railroad magnate stepped out a pace.

"Ready," he nodded.

The two lads paused a moment, their eyes fastened on each other. There was a bit of a confident, sneering smile about the lips of young Arlington, who was perfectly confident that he had now found a method by which he could demonstrate his superiority over Dick Merriwell, the leader of the school.

Dick's face was grim and unrelaxed.

"At the word 'go' you will close in for a hold," said Dow. "Prepare. One, two, three—go!"

In another moment the two lads were slowly circling about each other, watching for an opening. Twice Arlington made a feint to dart in, but sprang off quickly. The second time Dick followed him up with equal quickness, and Chester was forced to engage.

A hush fell on the watchers as the contesting lads came together and grappled.

"Dick has him!" cried a voice.

For Merriwell had obtained a waist-hold, while Arlington was compelled to clasp him about the head.

Brad Buckhart started to laugh, but changed it into an exclamation of surprise and dismay.

For he saw Dick attempt to cross-buttock Arlington, only to slip somehow and—

Up into the air went Dick's heels, for his opponent had been quick to grasp the opportunity and turn the whole thing to his advantage.

Down upon his head and shoulders crashed young Merriwell, thrown in a twinkling.

Then the plebes gave a great yell of joy, the yearlings being silent with dismay.

Buckhart gazed anxiously into Dick's face as the boy rose. He expected Dick to make some excuse for what had happened, and was plainly disappointed when young Merriwell said not a word.

"How in blazes did he do it?" asked Brad, huskily.

"He threw me," answered Dick.

"I know, but——"

"That's all."

It was not all, but Dick Merriwell was not a fellow to squeal or make tame excuses. Had he told the truth, he would have stated that his left leg was very lame, caused by a strain in football practice, and he had somehow brought everything to bear on that leg, which had weakened in a most surprising manner.

But Dick had heard fellows make excuses for themselves when defeated at anything, and he knew that such excuses always sounded flat and untruthful, for which reason he chose to avoid anything of the sort.

Ted Smart laughed mournfully.

"Oh, my!" he said. "How glad I am! I knew it would happen! Why, how could it be avoided!"

"Dern my hoofs!" muttered Buckhart. "I believe Dick let him do it! It couldn't have happened any other way!"

Dick's friends generally seemed filled with consternation.

Arlington was congratulated and praised by the plebes, who sought to flock about him and were kept off with difficulty.

Buckhart was the first to recover.

"It was an accident, partner—I just know it was!" he declared. "The galoot can't do it again in a thousand years—not in a thousand years!"

Dick smiled a little at the vehemence of the Texan. He did not seem ruffled by his misfortune.

Mark Crauthers was laughing coarsely.

"Well, I guess the great-and-only got up against the real thing that time!" he said. "Oh, he's due to get his falls!"

Buckhart started for Crauthers and would have "waded into" him at once, but Dick grasped his arm.

"Don't mind that, old man," he smiled. "He is not worth noticing, Brad."

"I'd like to slam him one!" declared Buckhart.

In a few moments the wrestlers were ready for the second bout. If Arlington could throw Dick again, as he had before, it would be settled.

"For goodness' sake, look out, pard!" Brad had whispered. "Get into him good and plenty right off the reel."

The boys circled about, wary as hawks, crouching a



bit, their arms swinging, watching for an opening. The spectators were breathless.

Suddenly, like a flash, Arlington darted in, fancying he saw the chance he wanted. But as he made a grab for Dick the latter flashed out his right hand and caught hold of Chester's left wrist. With the same movement, as it seemed, he turned his back on the plebe, grasping his left elbow with his left hand. Then it was Arlington's heels that whistled through the air, for Dick flung the fellow fairly over his head, and the son of the great railroad magnate went down with such violence that it almost jarred the ground.

It was an opportunity for the yearlings to cheer, and they shouted in unison, Brad Buckhart letting out one of his wildest whoops.

"Well, didn't I know it!" he cried, exultantly. "You bet your boots I did!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Ted Smart. "Didn't that jar you, plebe?"

Billy Bradley and Chip Jolliby shook hands and thumped each other on the back.

"'Ow is that for 'igh?" cried the cockney youth.

"You bub-bub-bub-bet it's all right!" chattered Chip, his Adam's apple bobbing excitedly.

Arlington seemed rather dazed when his friends lifted him to his feet. He had been thrown by a hold known as "the Flying Mare," something seldom attempted by amateurs, as it requires great quickness and skill, and the least slip is almost certain to put the one who attempts the trick at the mercy of his antagonist.

"How did he do it?" muttered Chester, thickly, as Stark and Crauthers supported him.

"It must have been an accident," said Stark.

But Arlington slowly shook his head.

"No fellow can throw me accidentally in that fashion," he declared.

Crauthers realized that it was no accident. He had noted every swift movement made by Dick, and he felt that young Merriwell had thrown Arlington by a clever wrestlers' trick.

The yearlings jollied the plebes, telling them Dick had simply fooled with their champion at the start. The plebes retorted as best they could, and the feeling

between the two classes grew heated. The yearlings told one another that something must be done without delay to relegate the fresh youngsters to their proper places and keep them there.

But this wrestling match had not been settled. The plebe had secured the first fall, the yearling the second. The third fall would decide it.

"Hi'll bet a 'undred dollars Dick downs him!" said Billy Bradley.

"Only a hundred dollars?" inquired Ted Smart. "Why don't you make it a bet worth while? What's the use of putting up your small change?"

Buckhart was laughing and patting Dick on the back.

"Why, you did it right slick, pard!" he said. "I allowed you could turn the trick. And you'll flop him again. You hear me shout!"

It took some time for Arlington to recover from the shock of his fall. When he did so he was fierce to get at Dick for the final struggle.

"He won't play that on me again!" he declared. "I'll lay him out next time!"

"But be careful," warned Crauthers. "He knows how to wrestle, and he's full of tricks."

"Don't you worry. I'd rather die than let him throw me again. You know how easy I threw him the first time."

"Yes, I know; but he's a stayer. That's his record. He never quits."

"Well, he'll find I'm not a quitter. He's pretty fine with his fists, but I can handle him this way."

Chester was still confident when he faced Dick for the final bout.

This time both lads seemed more wary than at any previous time, and it was only after some moments of circling and feinting that they finally came together and clinched.

It was seen that they had grappled in such a manner that neither seemed to have an advantage. This was to be the supreme test of their skill.

Panting a little, straining and seeking for an advantage, the two swayed back and forth within the circle.



The plebes and yearlings were urging their respective champions on.

Arlington tried the outside stroke, but Dick cleverly drew back and avoided being thrown off his balance in the slightest. At the same time he recovered so quickly and followed Arlington up so closely that he came near catching the plebe and sending him down.

Arlington escaped a fall and got squarely on his feet. Dick seemed to give an opening, and the plebe closed in close to backheel him.

They swayed a moment, and Dick seemed going over; but he brought Chester about with a snap, and the latter sunk to one knee.

It seemed that young Merriwell might have conquered quickly had he followed up this advantage, which for some reason he declined to do.

Arlington was aggressive in most of his movements. His courage was good, and he still believed himself superior to Dick in wrestling.

"Go at him, Dick!" begged Buckhart. "Lay him out in a hurry! You can do it!"

Then something happened. Arlington tried a trip that seemed to succeed at first, but Dick twisted about, and down both boys went, striking on their sides.

They half struggled up, and there was a shifting of their holds. In that shift Dick secured what he wanted, for he obtained a half nelson on Chester, who was flipped through the air and landed flatly and fairly on his back.

What a shout of joy rose from the yearlings!

The plebes were silent and filled with dismay.

Dick Merriwell had won, but he had found Chester Arlington no mean antagonist.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE WORTHY SON OF HIS FATHER.

Sore and disgusted, Chester Arlington washed the sweat and dirt stains off his face, hands and body in his room. Crauthers was there. Arlington roomed alone, as he had been able to purchase that privilege with plenty of money.

"It's no use to try to down that fellow in a fair

way," growled Crauthers. "It can't be done. He always comes out on top. I have told you that before."

"I believe so!" exclaimed Chester. "I'm tired of hearing it!"

"You don't believe me."

"I've never yet met a fellow I could not get the best of somehow," said the railroad magnate's son; "and I don't believe Dick Merriwell is going to prove my master."

"You've not succeeded very well thus far, have you?"

"I might have done better. He is a fighter."

"And he can wrestle."

"I admit it; yet I'd like to try him another go."

"He'd do you up just the same."

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Chester, savagely. "Things happened to go his way."

"Just as they have ever since he entered this school. He always wins, and you can understand how it happens that he has so much influence."

Arlington was drying his face on a towel. His silk undershirt had the sleeves rolled back and the throat left open. His forearms were finely developed. In fact, although he seemed rather slender and graceful, he was an unusually well-developed lad.

"I'm not done with him!" growled the millionaire's son.

"I hope not," grinned Crauthers, showing his dark teeth. "You know the Wolves have——"

"Don't speak of it!" exclaimed Chester, shivering a little. "As Wolves we have not made a great success in our campaign against Dick Merriwell and his crowd. I'm not fully over the soaking I got in the lake, and that's one reason why he threw me to-day. I swore that he should pay dearly for that piece of business, and I'm going to see that he does."

"What will your next move be?"

"I haven't decided, but I'll not sit down and give up. I hate him too much! After he had thrown me the second time out there I felt like killing him!"

"There are others who have felt that way. Do you know Uric Scudder?"



"I don't think so."

"He's a second class man now. He came near finishing Merriwell once."

"How?"

"Knocked the fellow stiff in an old barn where we had taken him to haze him. Lantern was upset and the place caught fire. We left Merriwell in there."

Arlington whistled a little.

"How did he get out?"

"Oh, slipped out as we were running away. We got sorry and went back for him, meaning to pull him out; but the fire was so far along that it couldn't be done. Scudder nearly went off his nut."

"How did Merriwell get out?"

"Came to as we were running off and got out. Scudder nearly lost his head, and we had to hold him. Merriwell was watching the whole performance. When Scudder found he was alive, he reformed. He's one of the fellow's friends now."

"Well, he's no use. I don't care to do up Dick Merriwell that way myself, but I wouldn't cry if somebody else did."

"I know a fellow who stands ready to do him up if he gets a chance. He—why you know about Watson. He had to run away to keep from being hauled over and expelled."

"What of him?"

"He's round."

"Here?"

"Yes."

"How's that? Didn't he go home?"

"He didn't dare."

"Why not?"

"Said his old man would kill him. He's crept back to Fardale, and I know where he's hiding. I'm to meet him in the morning, and, by the way, I have to take him some money."

"Well?"

"Well, I haven't any I can spare."

Arlington knew what his companion was driving at, and he asked:

"How much do you want?"

"Oh, I think about twenty-five."

"Will that do?"

"It will do, but——"

"I'll let you have it for him, but he must get a crack at Merriwell before leaving. Are you the only one who knows he is around?"

"I'm the only person."

Arlington went to his desk, opened a drawer and took out a handsome revolver.

"Give this to him," he said, handing the weapon over to Crauthers, who looked startled and asked:

"What for?"

"He'll need it if he ever encounters Dick Merriwell again. If he has plenty of sand, he will use it."

"I can't swear to his sand, but I'm dead sure he will use it if he stays round this place. He's just that kind."

Arlington laughed.

"I'm not paying any one to shoot up any one else," he said; "but as I have often said before, I'd not shed bitter tears if this Merriwell were to get damaged. Is Watson feeling pretty much like squaring his account?"

"Is he? He says Merriwell is to blame for all his trouble, and he raves about killing him."

"Well, here's some money for the poor devil."

Arlington handed over twenty-five dollars.

"You're a brick!" exclaimed Crauthers. "Don't you want to go with me to meet Watson to-night?"

"No, thank you!" was the prompt answer. "I don't care to know Watson. Then, if anything happens, I can't be drawn into it. And I'm looking for something to happen. Why, I might be on the eleven now if it wasn't for Dick Merriwell! He hates me, and he is keeping me off. I suppose he hates me because I have a rich father and well fixed in the world."

"Hardly that!" said Crauthers. "You know the Merriwells are anything but poverty-stricken themselves?"

"But they can't be very rich."

"Can't they? How do you know?"

"Everybody knows."

"Why, old man Merriwell was known as the Ameri-



can Monte Cristo before he died. And he left all his riches to his sons."

Arlington was standing in the middle of the room and staring at Crauthers in doubting amazement.

"Is it possible you are telling the truth?" he exclaimed. "Why, I'd never take either Dick or Frank Merriwell to be sons of a very rich man! They're just like ordinary fellows. Dick Merriwell doesn't even room alone here, and I've heard say his room isn't fixed up a bit better than the rooms of the other fellows."

"That's right."

"It's mighty strange! If they are so rich, why don't they let people know about it? I think the whole yarn is a fake."

Chester Arlington had a vulgar streak in his make-up, and he could not understand why any boy who was the son of a rich man should be content to get along without making a show and impressing "the common herd" with the loftiness of his position in the world.

D. Roscoe Arlington, be it said to his credit, had risen from the ranks. He had started in life as a poor boy, and it must be confessed that the stock from which he sprang was anything but good. But he had possessed an indomitable will and a determination to become rich some day. His one object in life had been to acquire riches and power. For this object he had striven steadfastly, and he had accomplished his purpose.

Instead of retaining a sympathy with poor people, the change in his position had led Mr. Arlington to regard them with scorn and disdain, for he was convinced that it was their own fault that they remained poor, and they were therefore undeserving of sympathy.

This disdain for poverty and even for persons in comfortable circumstances had been imparted to Chester, who was a spoiled son, to say the least.

Young Arlington was a conscienceless rascal. He had been detected in many serious scrapes, but always he was able to escape the consequences of his acts, as lavish use of money had enabled him to get off.

Chester had not done well at school. He had plenty of trouble wherever he went, and Mr. Arlington had finally sent him to Fardale, having heard that the discipline of that school was of a sort to improve unruly lads.

But Chester's mother had visited the school, had seen that her son had better quarters than the "rabble," and had urged upon the faculty that Chester should be treated far better than the common run of boys.

It was from his mother that Chester received the money that he spent so recklessly.

Crauthers assured Arlington that the story of the wealth of Frank and Dick Merriwell was absolutely true, but still the son of the great railroad magnate laughed it to scorn.

"I'd have to have absolute proof of it before I would take the least stock in it," he said.

"I don't suppose it makes any difference to you," said Mark. "He's your enemy, even if he's worth millions?"

"That's right. You can't understand how much I hate him, Crauthers."

"Perhaps I can. I hate him a little myself."

"But you might never become a leader here in this school. With me it is different. But for Dick Merriwell I might cut plenty of ice. I realize that my chance is a slim one as long as he stays in Fardale. That is why I am perfectly willing that something should happen to him."

"Come with me to see Watson in the morning," again invited Mark. "He was one of the original Wolf Gang."

But again Arlington declined, although once more he hinted that Watson might find it a profitable piece of business to shoot a few holes in Dick Merriwell.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ON THE SHORE.

Mark Crauthers made his way over the rocks that lined a desolate strip of seashore. The tide was going out. Sea gulls were wheeling far out over the gray waters.



"This must be pretty near the place where Watson was to meet me," muttered Crauthers, as he paused.

A peculiar whistle came to his ears, and he answered it at once. Going forward again, he soon saw a figure rise to face him.

Crauthers halted, uttering a low exclamation.

"Is that Watson?" he asked himself.

The person in question was hatless and wore a tattered cadet uniform, while his pale face seemed haggard, and there was a wild, hunted look in his eyes. He advanced swiftly toward Mark, who had halted.

"I thought you'd never come, Crauthers!" exclaimed the haggard lad, who was, indeed, Jim Watson, the runaway. "What kept you so late?"

"Why, I came as soon as I could. It's not late. I got your note, but I wasn't just sure where you meant for me to meet you on this shore. What's the matter, Jim? You look bad."

"Well, I don't look any worse than I feel! Oh, Crauthers! I'm done for!"

"Done for?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Ruined!"

There was a wild light in Watson's eyes, a light that made the other boy nervous.

"What do you mean by that?"

"My old man has thrown me off. I went home after running away from school, but Professor Gunn had sent the report ahead of me. My father drove me out of the house! Said I had disgraced him! He was in an awful rage! But that's not the worst. I saw in a paper that it was suspected that I loosened the rail on the railroad track the night Dick Merriwell returned to Fardale and the train came so near being wrecked. Since then I have been hiding and living like a dog. I know I may be arrested and sent to prison any time! I'm like a hunted animal, Crauthers! I can't stand it much longer! I'm nearly mad!"

Crauthers believed him then.

"It's hard luck, old man," he said. "But you are not to blame."

"I know I'm not!" grated Watson, bitterly. "Dick Merriwell is the one!"

"Sure thing. But for him you would be in Fardale now. He has ruined you."

"I could murder him!"

Crauthers thought of the revolver given him by Arlington.

"I've brought you something," he said.

"Some money?"

"No, but something else."

"What else?"

"This."

He took out the weapon and handed it over to Watson, who took it with an expression of surprise.

"Why, what's this for?" he asked.

"Thought it might come handy for you," said Crauthers, significantly.

"How?" asked Watson, blankly. "I can't eat it!"

"You may need it if the officers get after you too close."

Again the wild light filled the eyes of the hunted lad.

"They shall not arrest me!" he declared. "I'll show them! I didn't loosen that rail on the track. I confess that I was walking along the track thinking what a fine thing it would be to ditch the train Dick Merriwell was coming on, and that is how I happened to find the loose rail. But I did not disturb it in the least."

There was something like doubt in Crauthers' eyes, which Watson quickly noted.

"You don't believe me?" he cried, desperately.

"Well, I have my doubts," admitted Mark.

Jim staggered back against a huge bowlder, staring hard at the fellow who had once claimed to be his friend.

"Even you believe I did it!" he groaned, hoarsely. "If that is the case, what will others believe? They will be sure of it! I see I have no show in the world. Every one and everything is against me!"

"Why didn't you say before that you didn't loosen the rail that night?"

"Because I was a fool!" whined Watson. "I wanted you fellows to think me a reckless devil who



would do anything to down Merriwell. You used to think me a coward; I wanted you to think something different. That's how I made a fool of myself."

"It was not a very brave thing to loosen that rail," said Mark, with an undisguised sneer.

"Anyhow, I didn't loosen it. It was just as I found it. The trains had passed over it before that day, and I thought the last train might do the same."

"Oh-ho!" sneered Crauthers. "Then you were trying to bluff us? You were trying to make us believe you were a devilish reckless fellow, when you had done nothing at all. But you must have realized that there was a chance that the train would jump the track."

"I did, but I felt that I wouldn't be at all to blame, as I hadn't touched the rail."

Crauthers laughed, and that laugh stung Watson to the quick.

"Oh, you've gone back on me!" he snarled, furiously. "Every one has gone back on me! I haven't a friend in the world! I tell you it's pretty hard! I've almost been driven to suicide as it is! Now what chance is there for me?"

Again Crauthers laughed.

"You're not the fellow to commit suicide, Jim," he sneered. "I know you too well to worry about that."

Watson turned his wild eyes toward the revolver he held in his hand.

"Why did you bring me this?" he asked again. "I believe you want me to blow my own brains out!"

"What for?"

"So if I am arrested I'll not pull the rest of the gang into it."

"Pull them in; how?"

"By telling in court that they were with me that night. You were there! Stark was there!"

Crauthers frowned.

"That's all right," he admitted; "but we didn't know what sort of business you were up to until you showed us that rail. Then you know I ran for dear life up the track to try to stop the train. I was not fool enough to wish to wreck the whole train to do up one fellow."

"But you couldn't stop it."

"Another fellow did, which was just as well."

Watson was silent, the muscles of his thin face twitching nervously now and then, while his eyes were fastened on the ground. He seemed to be thinking of something, and there was a hard look around his usually weak mouth and chin.

"The jig is up!" he finally muttered. "You agreed to bring me some money, Crauthers!" he exclaimed, turning on Mark. "Have you kept your word?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Couldn't get it," lied Crauthers.

"But you must get me some right away!" cried the desperate lad, wildly. "I must have it, and you are the fellow I depend on. You must get me a disguise, too. I can't wear these clothes. Get me an ordinary suit. Do you understand?"

"Think I'm going to take orders from you?" sneered Mark.

"Then I'll blow on you if I'm arrested!" snarled Jim. "I'll swear you knew all about the loose rail! I'll put you in just as bad a hole as I'm in!"

A hard look settled on the face of Mark Crauthers.

"Who will believe you?" he said. "Better be careful, Jim! Instead of bringing you money, I may bring an officer."

Watson's nerves were badly shaken, but now he suddenly resolved on another course. He would attempt to frighten his former comrade into doing what he desired.

"All right!" he exclaimed, furiously. "You will be responsible for my death! You are the one who will be to blame! You can think of that some day! I'll come back and haunt you! I swear I will! I swear it!"

Crauthers was somewhat startled, in spite of his pretended nonchalance.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I'm going to blow my brains out!" declared Watson.

"You don't dare! You wouldn't be such a fool!"

"You'll see! you'll see!" panted Jim.

He had no real intention of committing suicide, but



he was putting up a bluff and playing the game to the limit.

"Oh, I don't worry about that!" sneered Crauthers. "Why, you never had courage enough to take chances of being hurt, and I don't believe you've got the nerve to commit suicide."

Stung to madness by these words, Watson lifted the revolver and placed the muzzle against his head, crying:

"Here goes! Good-by!"

## CHAPTER V.

### DICK'S MERCY.

Dick Merriwell had chanced to see the meeting of the two boys on the beach. He had been out that morning for a walk through the woods and the fields. He felt a longing for freedom and a distaste for the classroom. He finally sought the coast, and thus it chanced that he witnessed the meeting.

From a distance Dick recognized Crauthers, and he made out that the other lad was Watson, who had disappeared from the school.

"Watson!" he murmured, in surprise. "I supposed that fellow far away from here. What is he doing?"

He saw the lads amid the huge boulders down there on the beach, and witnessed Watson's wild gestures.

"I'd like to know what's up," said Dick, as he started down toward them.

Old Joe Crowfoot, his Indian tutor of other days, had instructed him in the art of stalking antelope, and now this knowledge served him well. He was aided by the abstraction of the two lads, who fancied themselves far from curious eyes. And thus it happened that Dick crept down behind the rocks within a few yards of the two boys, where he heard some of their conversation.

Dick had fancied it possible that Watson had loosened the rail on the track, but now he came to believe the words of the desperate young rascal, who protested that he had found the rail in that condition. He also fancied that Watson had sought to impress his companions with a belief in his recklessness by his

actions, but that all the while Jim had thought the train might pass over the loose rail in safety.

Watson was a foolish fellow, and he had been Dick's enemy, but now young Merriwell was satisfied that he had been punished quite enough.

Crauthers was a rascal with more brains than Watson. He had understood the peril of the train and the possible consequences if a wreck followed, and then he had sought to avert the catastrophe.

But Crauthers had turned on Watson now, and there was nothing like sympathy or friendliness in his heart.

Dick was crouching just behind one of the big boulders, within a few yards of the boys, when Watson raised the revolver to his head, calling out a wild farewell to his former comrade.

It did not take young Merriwell long to act. Instantly he made a leap from behind the boulder and caught the arm of the desperate boy, snatching the revolver aside and gaining possession of it in a twinkling.

"Call it off!" he exclaimed. "I'll take charge of this pop gun!"

Crauthers nearly tumbled over on his back.

"Merriwell!" he gasped.

Watson reeled against the boulder, staring at Dick with his wild eyes.

"Don't be in such a hurry to blow your head off," said Dick. "Even a poor head is better than none at all."

Crauthers turned and started to run away.

"Wait!" cried Dick. "I have this gun. Stop where you are, or I'll stop you!"

Crauthers looked over his shoulder and saw the revolver pointed straight at his back.

"Don't shoot!" he gasped, in consternation, for in that moment he felt that Dick Merriwell was a fellow who might do such a thing.

"Come back here," said Dick.

Crauthers obeyed.

Watson was ashen pale. In all the world there was no one he feared as much as Dick Merriwell.

"The jig is up now!" he thought. "Merriwell will



march us into town and turn us both over to the law!"

Then came a feeling of satisfaction in the thought that he would not suffer alone. Crauthers would be with him.

"You are a fine pair of rascals!" exclaimed Dick, in deep contempt. "You know you are."

"That's all right!" muttered Crauthers. "You've got the revolver, and we——"

"Oh, I'd be willing to tell you under any circumstances!" half laughed Dick.

That laugh had a dangerous ring that gave them a shivery feeling.

"You were spying on us!" exclaimed Crauthers.

"Call it that, if you like," nodded Dick. "I saw you down here and took a fancy to find out what sort of deviltry you were talking over. I found out. That is the size of it."

"You heard what we were saying?"

Dick nodded again.

"I heard it all right, and now I know the full facts concerning that loose rail."

Watson said nothing, for he felt that his case was hopeless and that words would prove unavailing.

"All right," said Mark, huskily. "But we are two to your one. We can swear to anything we like, and then let's see you prove anything against us!"

Dick snapped his fingers.

"You'd trap yourselves a hundred times," he declared. "You ought to know that."

Suddenly Crauthers took another tack.

"I didn't have anything to do with that rail business, Merriwell!" he cried. "I tried to stop the train as soon as I found out about it. Watson will tell you that, won't you, Watson? My only mistake was in not coming forward and telling everything after it was over. But I didn't want to get Watson into a bad scrape, that was why I kept still."

Dick looked doubtful.

"That may have been the reason," he admitted; "but something tells me you were thinking of yourself more than any one else. You reasoned badly, for it would have been better in your case had you spoken

up promptly and truthfully. As it has turned out, Watson is the one who has suffered."

Watson groaned and covered his face with his trembling hands. He was a pitiful object as he leaned weakly against the boulder, and Dick's heart softened toward him.

"What are you going to do?" asked Crauthers, anxiously.

"I ought to march you both into town and give you up," said Dick.

Another groan from Watson.

"Let me have that revolver and I'll shoot myself!" cried Crauthers, seeking to win sympathy by his apparent despair. "I can't stand to be arrested!"

"Oh, no!" smiled Dick, his lips curling slightly; "you wouldn't shoot yourself if you had this revolver! I know you too well to think that. You are not the one who is in a bad hole, though you would be given your walking papers if all the facts came to the faculty at the academy. It's Watson here who is in great trouble."

Yet a third groan from Watson.

"From what I heard," said Dick, "I should say that Watson made a fool of himself, and I reckon he is sorry now."

"Sorry!" exclaimed Jim. "I am!"

"Well, I'm glad to hear that! Perhaps I can do something for you."

"Perhaps you can?"

"Yes."

"How? What?"

"Oh, I haven't decided yet, for I haven't had time to think it over."

"You—would you do anything to help me?" asked Watson, incredulously.

"I might."

"I don't see why you should."

"Possibly not. My natural desire is to have you punished; but I have a brother who has taught me that mercy to a fallen enemy is sweeter than revenge. In another sense, it is the sweetest revenge one can take. It was not an easy lesson for me to learn, and I am not



sure I have learned it fully; but in this case I am willing to put it into application."

The faces of both Watson and Crauthers brightened a little, and the latter eagerly asked:

"Do you mean that you are not going to blow on us at all?"

"That may be a part of my meaning—as far as Watson is concerned. He has been bitterly punished, and I'm going to give him a lift."

"How?" asked Jim. "Will you give me some clothes and money, so that I can get away?"

"Perhaps so; but first I want you to come with me to Frank's house in town."

The fellow looked startled and suspicious.

"Why do you want me to go there?"

"So that you may tell everything to my brother and we can talk over what is best. I wish his advice. It is possible that you may not have to get out of this part of the country."

For the first time, a suggestion of color came to Watson's cheeks.

"Why, my father has turned me out, and I cannot go home. He has——"

"If you got back into Fardale wouldn't he forgive and forget?"

"If I got back! Why, there is no chance of that! It is no use to think of it!"

"Perhaps not; but we'll see. My brother has some influence, and he may take up your case. I think your fears have led you to believe that more is known about you than is the case. I have not heard that there was a warrant out for your arrest, and I do not believe officers are searching for you."

"Then I've been lied to!" grated Jim, turning toward Crauthers, who looked away.

"As for you," said Dick, addressing Mark, "I advise you to keep your mouth closed concerning this affair this morning. You may succeed in keeping out of trouble yourself that way. That's all the advice I wish to give you, and you may go now."

Crauthers started, hesitated, then started again and walked swiftly away.

Watson seemed to breathe easier when he was gone.

"Now," said Dick, "we'll have to see if we can slip into town without attracting too much attention. I know how we can do it by cutting across lots, passing through a strip of woods and coming up through the orchard back of Frank's house. I hope we find him there, but I can get in, if we do not. You'll have something to eat and some clothes to wear, while we try to settle this thing up."

"I can't understand it!" muttered Watson.

"Eh? What is it you can't understand?"

"I can't understand why you should do this for me!"

"Well, I don't know myself," confessed Dick. "I learned the trick from Frank, and I am satisfied that he has found it a good card to turn. I don't love you, Watson, but I am sorry for you. It's a brute that kicks a chap when he's down. I am not going to kick you. I'm going to give you a helping hand and see if I can't pull you onto your feet."

Jim Watson dropped onto his knees and caught Dick's hand, which he would have kissed; but Dick drew it away, sharply saying:

"Your gratitude will appear more genuine to me if I see evidences of it a year from now, instead of to-day. Come on."

## CHAPTER VI.

### WATSON'S CURIOSITY.

Dick and Watson were quite successful in reaching Frank's house without attracting much attention. They stole up through the orchard, where a few un-gathered apples lay decaying on the ground, approaching the back door of the handsome new cottage Frank had erected after his home in the village was destroyed by fire.

The housekeeper, a middle-aged woman, admitted them, but expressed her surprise that Dick should come in that way, while looking over Dick's companion wondering.

Frank was not at home, but he was expected back in a short time.

Dick took Watson up to the bathroom, and the fellow looked far more presentable when Merry arrived.



"Hello, Dick!" exclaimed Frank, in surprise. "How is this? Didn't look for you here."

Dick explained how it had come about, telling everything of the meeting of Crauthers and Watson on the shore.

Frank whistled softly, but the expression on his face was one of satisfaction, as well as surprise.

"Well, what do you propose to do with the fellow?" he asked.

"I don't know," confessed Dick. "I wish your advice. That is why I brought him here. I thought——"

"What did you think?"

"Why, that it was possible we might be able to get him back into the academy."

"And you want him to come back?"

"Oh, I'm not doing this on my own account!" exclaimed Dick. "I confess that I heartily dislike the fellow, but he is down now, and he seems sorry. A year or more ago I might have been tempted to push him down still further, but you have convinced me that that is not always the best way to deal with an enemy."

Merry nodded his head, the look of satisfaction on his face becoming more pronounced.

"I am glad I have convinced you of that!" he exclaimed. "I have come to thank fortune that I was merciful to my enemies in the past, even though, in some cases, I was betrayed again and again. There are fellows in the world who are treacherous and ungrateful, but it is better to go easy on one of them by giving all your enemies a show than it is to be hard on everybody and thus make the mistake of pushing down some fellows who might reform and become decent. You are satisfied that this Watson did not loosen the rail?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then he may not be such a black-hearted young rascal as circumstances have made him appear. But he's in a bad scrape. He ran away from school, and it may not be easy to get him back there. His parents should take hold of his case."

"But his father has kicked him out and has said

he would have nothing more to do with him unless he got back into school."

"You say he is upstairs?"

"Yes."

"Let's go up and talk with him."

Watson was downcast and hesitating before Frank, who questioned him closely, but kindly.

"If you won't do anything else," Jim finally entreated, "won't you let me have some money and help me get away? I'll have to try to get a start in the world, and I'll do my best to pay the money back some day."

But Frank had already arrived at the conclusion that the boy would go straight to destruction if cast upon his own resources at this period in his career.

"I think it is best," he said, "for you to stay here a while and let me see what can be done. If you can get back into school you think your father will forgive you?"

"I am sure of it."

"Then I'll try my best to straighten the matter out. I may not succeed, but it will do no harm to try."

It seemed that something like tears sprang to Watson's eyes.

"I don't know what I can ever do for you!" he exclaimed, his voice shaking.

"I do."

"Tell me."

"You can try to do what is right in the future. If you succeed, both Dick and I will feel that we are well repaid for any little lift we may be able to give you."

"Oh, I'll do that!" assured Jim. "I'm sick of doing underhand things! They do not pay!"

"Never," agreed Merry.

So Watson remained in Frank's home, while Merry set about doing what he could for the fellow.

Watson, however, was uneasy and suspicious. When he thought it over it did not seem possible to him that Dick Merriwell, the fellow he had tried so hard to injure, should relax and be merciful in such a manner. Sometimes he imagined that Dick and Frank were keeping him there until they could pull the toils



more closely about him. This was a foolish fancy, but it kept returning to the guilty lad.

The day wore away, and that night Dick called again. In Frank's private office the brothers held a consultation to which Watson was not invited.

Jim stole out to the head of the carpeted stairs, having removed his shoes. From that position he could now and then hear the murmur of voices, but he could not distinguish what was being said.

"I'd like to know!" he thought.

Then he sneaked down the wide stairs and slipped to the door that had been left slightly ajar. Peering through the opening, he saw Dick and Frank bending over some papers on the latter's desk.

"That's about all we can do to-night," said Merry.

"Well, the thing is pretty well done anyhow," declared Dick. "Now it is up to me to put it into execution."

"You can do it," laughed Merry. "I trust you for that, boy."

"I'll do my level best."

Merry rolled up the papers and thrust them into a pigeon-hole of the desk. Then he looked at his watch, observing:

"It's time you were making tracks."

Watson darted back from the door and skipped noiselessly up the stairs.

A few moments later the brothers came out into the hall, where Frank took his hat from the rack, saying:

"I'll walk a short distance with you."

They went out.

Now Watson was a fellow of intense curiosity, and this faculty was aroused to its highest pitch.

"Wonder what those papers were," he speculated.

"Perhaps they are something about me."

He kept whispering this over and over to himself, finally adding:

"I ought to know, but I suppose he's locked that desk. It would be easy enough to find out if the desk is open."

Pretty soon he found himself noiselessly descending the stairs. He moved hastily. It was dark in Frank's office, for Merry had turned off the light.

Watson pushed open the door and glided in. He quickly found the electric button and turned the light on.

The desk was standing open, Frank having failed to close and lock it.

"He'll be back in a moment!" thought Jim, his heart throbbing wildly. "He may catch me in here!"

Then he was on the point of turning off the light and getting away quickly, but his eyes sought the pigeon-hole into which the papers had been thrust, and he hesitated.

"I'll get a peep at them if it costs me a leg!" he vowed.

A moment later he had them out and was spreading them before him on the desk.

A muttered exclamation of disappointment passed his lips, for he found that Dick and Frank had been working over a code of football signals and diagrams of certain special and original plays, and there was nothing else on the papers.

"It's nothing in relation to me," he said. "They are going to have different signals this year. And here are several new plays they are going to try. The 'ends around' play last year, which Frank Merriwell invented, was a great go."

He looked all the plans over hastily, then started to roll them up and return them to the desk.

At that moment he heard a sound that made his heart leap into his throat.

Tap! tap! tap!

It was a distinct knocking on the window.

He thrust the papers into the pigeon-hole, wheeling toward the window.

Outside that window the faces of two persons were distinctly revealed by the light.

He recognized them.

They were Mark Crauthers and Chester Arlington.

Crauthers lifted a hand and made a beckoning gesture to the startled fellow inside.

Then Watson turned off the light and fled from the office and up the stairs.



## CHAPTER VII.

## BETRAYED.

Watson had been badly frightened by the tapping on the window and the appearance of Crauthers and Arlington outside, and he did not recover until long after he was in his own room.

"What were they doing?" he kept asking himself. "What did they want of me? Crauthers beckoned. I didn't care. I didn't go. Let them want what they like, I'm going to keep away."

He heard Frank return and re-enter his office.

"Hope I didn't leave anything so he'll suspect I was there," muttered Jim, as he finally undressed and went to bed.

All that night he dreamed that he was trying to be honest and square, and get a new start, but that two devils who resembled Crauthers and Arlington were trapping him and leading him astray in spite of himself.

The following day, shortly after Frank Merriwell left the house, a boy rang the bell and handed in a note for Watson.

Jim wondered when this was given to him, but he quickly recognized the writing as that of Crauthers.

"Meet us at noon by the split rock back of Folsom's barn if you want to keep out of the worst scrape you ever got into in all your life."

That was all. There was no signature, but Watson knew Crauthers' hand had written the note.

"I'll do nothing of the sort!" muttered Jim, fiercely. "I'll have no more to do with you now!"

But somewhat later he changed his mind. Frank Merriwell lunched at one o'clock, and so Watson slipped out and appeared at the appointed place at the hour of midday.

Crauthers and Arlington were waiting for him there.

"Hello!" grinned Crauthers. "Began to think you weren't coming."

"What do you want?" asked Watson, abruptly.

"Sit down here with us," was the invitation, "where you won't be seen, and we'll tell you."

"I haven't much time," said Jim; but he sat down on the ground.

"Why didn't you come out when we signaled for you last night?" asked Mark.

"I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Because it was dangerous."

"Dangerous?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Merriwell might have returned and found me out."

"What is he trying to do with you, anyway?" asked Arlington, with his usual sneer.

"He has promised to try to get me back into Fardale."

Both Crauthers and Arlington laughed derisively.

"You're a fool," said the latter, "to think he will keep a promise of that sort."

"Perhaps I am," said Jim; "but I don't believe it."

"Why should he help you?" sneered Chester. "You're no friend of his. Do you know what he is doing? Well, I'll tell you. He is keeping you there until he can have you committed to a reform school. He has written your father about it."

Watson turned white as a ghost.

"What are you giving me?" he muttered, huskily.

"Straight goods," said Arlington. "Eh, Crauthers?"

"Straight as a string," nodded Crauthers.

"How do you know?"

"Never mind that, but I found it out, and it's on the level. You are being fooled by him."

Watson was sick at heart, and then up within him rose a feeling of intense rage.

"I'll not be trapped!" he muttered. "I am going to get away!"

"That's right," said Crauthers, trying to conceal his satisfaction; "but you don't want to delay about going. Before you go, however, we want you to do something for us."

"Oh, I've done enough for——"

"This won't bother you much," said Arlington, per-



suasively, "and it will be worth your while. You'll have to have money to skip out on."

"Yes."

"I'll give you fifty dollars if you do what I want you to do."

"Fifty dollars?" exclaimed Jim.

"Sure."

"Why, I can get far enough away on that."

"You bet you can."

"What do you want me to do?"

"You were looking at some papers last night when we saw you through the window."

"Yes."

"We know what those papers were. We had been watching Frank Merriwell and that nasty kid brother of his work over them for an hour. They are football plans and signals."

"That's right."

"We want the whole code."

"You want me to steal the papers and turn them over to you?"

"No; we want you to copy everything on those papers and turn the copies over. If you stole them then Frank Merriwell would get wise at once and change the whole scheme. If you can get a chance to copy them he'll never know it."

"What do you want of them?"

Arlington laughed.

"We want to use them, and you may be sure of one thing, they will be used against Dick Merriwell, the great captain of the Fardale eleven."

"How?"

"Fardale plays Hilsboro Saturday. It is the opening game of the season, and Fardale expects to win. Hilsboro is much stronger than last year. If that team should know Fardale's signals and the special plays it would have a snap, and Dick Merriwell's career would start poorly. The signals could be used against him in other games, and I know we could drive him out of his position as captain. You see you will be getting in your work all the while, even though you are not here."

Watson showed what seemed to be satisfaction.

"It's a great scheme," he said; "but I may not have a chance to copy those papers. I'm not going to stay here and be trapped. I am going to make a move this very afternoon."

"If you don't bring me the stuff I want you'll have no money to move on," said Arlington.

"I'll do my best," promised Watson. "When will I see you again, and where?"

"Right here at five o'clock this afternoon. You can skip out to-night."

"I'll come," promised Jim.

"And bring the copies we want?"

"Of course; and you must have the money you have promised me."

"Don't worry about that. I have plenty of dough, and you'll be paid just as agreed."

Watson hastened back to the house and got in before Frank appeared. That afternoon he was very busy, and at the appointed time he was on hand.

Crauthers and Arlington showed up a few minutes later.

"Well?" exclaimed Chester, eagerly.

"All right," said Jim.

"You've got what we want?"

"Sure thing."

"Let me have them."

"When you fork over the money," said Jim, as he took some papers from his pocket.

Arlington lost no time in handing out fifty dollars, whereupon Watson surrendered the papers. Arlington glanced them over and laughed with satisfaction.

"There'll be something doing now!" he said. "Neither of the mighty Merriwells will dream their plays and signals are known to the other teams, and so it will show them up in handsome style when all their moves are foiled. Good luck to you, Watson. Don't linger round here unless you want to be scooped."

Then, laughing with satisfaction, Arlington and Crauthers turned away, while Watson retraced his steps to the home of the generous youth he had so basely betrayed.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## TAKEN BACK.

Sick at heart, Jim Watson sneaked back to the house. As he was about to ascend to the room he had occupied he paused, startled to hear familiar voices in Frank Merriwell's study. Frank was there, and with him was——

Professor Gunn!

"Now, what's up?" thought Watson, in fear and trembling. "Have they come for me? Is Merriwell getting the final evidence against me?"

He ran quickly and lightly up the stairs, thinking to leave the house in a few minutes.

Barely had he reached his room when he paused and heard Frank say below:

"I'll call him right down, professor."

A moment later there was a knock on Jim's door. When he opened it, pale and agitated, Frank Merriwell stood outside.

"Watson," said Merry, quietly, "Professor Gunn is downstairs, and he wants to see you."

"What does he want?" choked Jim.

Merry smiled, and Watson fancied there was triumph in that smile.

"He will tell you when you come down," said Merriwell, quietly.

Watson felt like shrieking out that he knew all about their plot, felt like reviling Frank, but restrained himself.

"I'll tell them a few things when they show their hands!" he mentally vowed.

Then he followed Merry down to the study.

Professor Gunn, looking very grim and accusing, sat there in a comfortable chair. He surveyed Watson through his glasses, and it seemed to the boy that the face of the old man hardened.

"So you are here, are you, Watson?" said Zenas Gunn.

"Yes, sir," answered Jim, huskily.

"I have a communication from your parents in regard to you," the old pedagogue observed. "It seems that your conduct at the academy and your running away has caused them no end of distress."

Jim said nothing.

"Your father was very angry at first, but it nearly broke your mother's heart. I believe you must have a good mother. Her letter to me was very touching. It is an unfortunate thing for worthy parents to have such a son."

Watson winced a little, for there was more sting in Professor Gunn's manner than in his words.

"I presume," the professor continued, "that it is my duty to see that you are properly punished. You shall be punished, but it may be that you will not receive all that you merit. Mr. Merriwell has been working hard for you during the past few days. He tried to induce your father to come on here and intercede with me in your behalf, but this Mr. Watson cannot do, as your mother is quite ill from the shock, and he does not care to leave her. However, he has earnestly entreated me to take you back and give you another chance. After due consideration and after investigating fully your actions, I have arrived at the conclusion that you were led astray, to a certain extent, by other lads. You are not a strong-minded boy, and you may be easily influenced. Such being the case, I have consented to give you one more trial at the academy, and you will be taken back."

Jim uttered a little cry and came near dropping limply on a chair. It was so unexpected that he could scarcely believe he was not dreaming.

"Take me back?" he gasped. "Then I am not to be sent to a reform school?"

"Not yet, although the chances are that you may be later, if you do not mend your ways."

Jim felt like pinching himself to see if he was awake, but his fingers lacked the strength.

For some moments he was too overwhelmed to express his thanks. Then, of a sudden, he burst forth into a cry of gladness.

"Oh, thank you, professor—thank you, sir! I——"

"You owe more to Frank Merriwell than you do to me. He is the one who worked hardest to save you. But for him you would still be under the ban."

Frank was there, but Watson seemed unable to look him in the face.

"I thank you, Mr. Merriwell!" he hoarsely exclaimed. "It is all I can do now. Some time I may prove my gratitude."

"It's all right, Watson," assured Merry, easily. "The future will tell its own tale. But you had better keep away from those fellows who have been your most intimate companions in the past."

"Right—perfectly right," bowed the professor. "Choose right company and you will do better."

"I'll try."

"And now," said the professor, "you will get your hat and return to the academy with me. You are not



to wholly escape punishment, you may rest assured, as that would be setting a bad example for others; but you will not be given the severe punishment you merit. Walking post and standing guard will take most of your spare time when you are not studying, so your opportunities to be tempted will be very small for a while."

The professor rose. Of a sudden, Watson grasped Frank's hand and wrung it.

"I'll never forget what you have done for me!" he promised.

There was no end of astonishment at the academy when it was learned that Watson had returned. Some of his former companions were anything but pleased, and Crauthers was one of these. Crauthers was a fellow who had never formed a sincere liking for any fellow. The bond between him and Watson had been their mutual dislike and hatred for Dick Merriwell.

Crauthers watched his opportunity to speak with Watson, but Jim seemed to avoid him. However, Mark found a chance the following day and slipped into Jim's room, discovering the latter studying hard.

"Well!" exclaimed Crauthers, turning and showing his dark teeth, after he had closed the door. "This beats all! So you are back all right?"

"It looks that way," answered Jim, coldly.

"How did it happen?"

"They took me back."

"Unprecedented! Powerful influence of some sort must have been brought to bear on them."

"That is right."

"Who did it?"

"Frank Merriwell."

"Say, you don't believe that? Why should he do anything of the sort for you?"

"I don't know why he should, but I know he did, and here I am."

"Well, it gets me!" confessed Crauthers. "I didn't think you had a ghost of a show."

"What do you want?" asked Jim.

"Want to have a little chat with you."

"But I have no time for talk. I must plug till three, and then I walk post."

"Are they going to keep you walking post all the time?"

"I don't know."

"It looks that way. You are being soaked good and hard."

"No harder than I deserve, I reckon."

"What? What ails you? Are you going to turn your coat? You're not like yourself."

"Perhaps not."

"You're not in love with the Merriwells, are you? They caused all your trouble. But you're going to get back at them pretty solid."

"How?"

"You know—the signal code and the new plays to be tried by the team. Hilsboro will wipe the earth with Mr. Dick Merriwell's great team Saturday."

Watson rose.

"Look here, Crauthers," he said, "I want you to take a message to Arlington."

"What message?"

"I want you to tell him that I am ready to give him back his money, but that he must not betray Fardale's signals and plays to any other team."

Crauthers looked surprised, then laughed shortly.

"You're daffy!" he said. "What do you take Ches Arlington for? He's got a good thing, and he's going to work it. He has a meeting to-day with the captain of the Hilsboro eleven."

"What for?"

"Why, to put him on, of course. He will give Hilsboro the code and the diagrams of the plays."

"He has no right to do it!" exclaimed Jim, with seeming earnestness. "I object!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mark. "That's all right! It's too late now. You sold Merriwell's plans for money, and all you can do is keep still."

"I can tell Merriwell."

"Tell him! You fool! Go ahead and tell! That will finish you here for good! You'll be fired out of Fardale in a hurry, and there will be no chance of getting back. You must have sense enough to know that."

"It's tough," said Jim, "after Merriwell was the one to intercede and get me back into school. I had no right to give you those papers."

Again Crauthers showed his repulsive teeth in a grin.

"All you can do is keep your face closed about it now, for you'll bring your own ruin if you whisper a word. That's one thing I wanted to see you about. You'll never be exposed if you don't talk, and you will have the satisfaction of seeing Merriwell's great football team soundly thrashed."



Watson showed no satisfaction over the prospect.

"It's a mighty cheap thing!" he asserted. "I'd like to undo it all now!"

"You may not get out to the game," said Mark; "but you can feel all the while you are walking post that you have helped in the beginning of the downfall of Dick Merriwell. I won't bother you any more. Just keep your tongue between your teeth, and you will be all right."

Then he went out and left Watson to his thoughts, such as they were.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE FIRST TOUCHDOWN.

Saturday afternoon brought the Hilsboro eleven, and a goodly crowd assembled to watch the contest between Fardale and the visitors. At once it was noted that the strangers were somewhat heavier than the home team, but Fardale had confidence in her boys.

The new Fardale grand stand was filled with men, women and young people of both sexes.

The bleachers to the right were crowded with Fardale cadets, while those to the left were well filled by a gathering of spectators from various quarters.

The cadet band had a portion of the bleachers reserved, and it gave several lively selections while the crowd was gathering.

A large number of girls from Miss Tartington's school were present, and, of course, Doris Templeton, Felecia Delores and Zona Desmond were on hand, all of them wearing the red-and-black of Fardale.

The cadets sang several songs before the teams appeared on the field.

There was some betting, but it was done as quietly and unostentatiously as possible, as open betting was not permitted on the grounds.

It was near 2:30 when Toby Kane led out a goat and ambled around over the chalk-marks with the animal, which was adorned with the Fardale colors.

This was a signal for general cheering, which seemed to agitate the goat, for it immediately became frisky and started to cut some figures all on its own account.

"Whoa, you gentle beast!" cried Toby, as he tried to jerk the goat to a standstill.

Then the animal suddenly turned on him and charged.

There was a shout, for the goat caught Toby beautifully and bowled him over. Not satisfied with this, the creature charged again, and Toby caught it by the horns.

"Help!" he yelled. "Take him off before he bites me!"

The crowd was in an uproar. Several fellows started to render Toby assistance. Then the goat turned and tried to scud away, but the rope had become entangled around one of the fallen lad's feet, and the latter was jerked along at a lively rate.

When the goat stopped, Toby scrambled up.

"Ba-a-aa!" observed the goat, as he charged again, lifting Toby into the air.

"That's what you can call raising Kane!" shouted some one.

The goat was finally captured and dragged off the field.

Barely was this excitement over when the Hilsboro team, substitutes and all, trotted out.

The cheer that greeted their appearance was drowned by a roar as Fardale was seen coming at a run for the field, with Dick Merriwell leading.

Balls were produced, and the two teams began warming up. Fardale stood in a circle and passed the ball swiftly from hand to hand, while the visitors began kicking and falling on the ball.

While the referee and the captains were arranging the preliminaries both teams limbered up earnestly, Fardale taking a turn at kicking and catching punts.

It was just about three o'clock when the referee gave the signal for the contestants to line up.

At that moment Chester Arlington was gleefully whispering to Mark Crauthers:

"I'll make a good thing off this game! Sawyer tipped me off that his men has Fardale's signals all down fine and they are prepared for every new play. It will be a walk-over for Hilsboro."

"Have you bet much?" asked Crauthers.

"Only about a hundred dollars, but I'll be fifty to the good, after reckoning out what I paid for the signals. And this is the beginning of Dick Merriwell's decline. Let Fardale lose two or three games straight and there will be an awful howl against him. You're due to hear that howl."

"Fardale is going to kick off," said Mark. "Now the fun begins."



The two teams had lined up as follows:

## FARDALE.

Singleton

\*  
F. B.

Merriwell

\*

R. H. B.

Smart

\*

Q. B.

Shannock	Jolliby	Dare	Tubbs	Bradley	Kent	Buckhart
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
R. E.	R. T.	R. G.	CENTER.	L. G.	L. T.	L. E.

## HILLSBORO.

L. E.	L. T.	L. G.	CENTER.	R. G.	R. T.	R. E.
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
Morrisy	Bristol	Dunton	Sanders	Sparks	Logan	Sawyer

Q. B.

Kirby

L. H. B.

\*

Lee

F. B.

\*

Farrell.

Darrell

\*

L. H. B.

R. H. B.

\*

Doe

Fardale kicked off, driving the ball well into the enemy's territory.

The kick was not returned.

Lee caught the ball and started to run, but Shannock had made a fast sprint, and the enemy's left half-back did not advance five yards before he was floored.

Fardale uttered a great roar, and the two teams lined up swiftly for the first scrimmage.

Doris Templeton was shaking with excitement.

"Oh, I have a pain in my heart, Zona!" she exclaimed. "I don't believe I can watch the game through!"

"Nonsense!" laughed Zona. "Why, what kind of a sport are you? It hasn't become exciting yet."

"You should have seen some of the baseball games this summer," said Felecia. "Oh, then you would have been excited!"

"I don't think baseball can compare with football for real excitement," said Doris. "This is so like a battle! The fellows go at each other so savagely, and there is danger in it. There is not so much danger in baseball."

"Oh, look!"

The Hillsboro line had seemed to hurl itself at the cadets, and there was a swaying and straining, followed by a rending asunder of the defense, while out of the center shot a runner with the ball. Four great bounds he made, and he was pulled down by a tackler.

But he had made a gain of almost ten yards.

The visiting crowd rose up and shrieked its satisfaction.

Something had happened to Obediah Tubbs, who was playing center. In practice Tubbs had seemed like a stone wall, but now he had twisted his ankle and gone down, letting the enemy surge over him.

Tubbs was stretched on the ground. He sat up and felt of his ankle. Water was brought him, and they offered to help him off the field.

"No, darn my pichter if I go!" he squeaked, in his high-pitched voice. "I'm goin' to play this dinged old game through."

He got up and limped round a little, and then the two teams faced one another again.

Once more the assault was made on the center, but this time Tubbs was braced and prepared, and as well might they have battered against a mountain. The center held, and no gain was made.

"'Rah! 'rah! 'rah! Tubbs!" screamed the cadets.

The visitors were not satisfied. They lined up and hurled themselves into the center once more, thinking the big fellow so awkward that he would not be able to resist repeated attacks.

"Right here, by gorry!" grated Obediah, and the center held again.

"They'll have to kick!" said somebody.

It seemed that a kick was contemplated. This was a blind, however, for the ball went back to Doe, who started round Fardale's right end.

Dick Merriwell got in his first piece of work and brought Doe to the ground with a beautiful tackle.

"Merriwell!" roared the cadets.

"Let them yell!" said Chester Arlington. "They will be cursing him before the game is over."

"Wait till Fardale gets the ball," snickered Crauthers. "Then Hillsboro will give them a surprise."

Fardale got the ball a moment later. Merriwell lined his team up for an assault on the enemy, and a revolving formation was driven into Hillsboro's center. This worked for four yards, but a repetition of it fell flat. Then Merriwell was given the ball, and away he went for Hillsboro's right end.

Swift as a deer on his feet, he dodged tackler after tackler, getting clean round the end and making twelve yards before Doe floored him.

The record between the men who were playing right half-back on each team was evened by this play on the part of Doe.

"Now we get one of those foolish new plays Frank



Merriwell has devised," said Arlington, as the teams crouched nose to nose.

They watched closely, expecting the play. The signal was given, and Hilsboro swung back suddenly on the right, looking for an attack in another quarter.

Right through the right wing went Dick Merriwell, who had been given the ball again. The bewildered visitors had seemed to give him an opening of their own accord.

The real truth was that the signals had not called for the play they had anticipated, and they were thrown entirely off their guard.

Dodging to the right and to the left, Dick found a clear field and away he went. Farrell and Lee booted after him, but they had very little chance to overtake him.

The cadets rose to their feet and shrieked, while the grand stand burst into a shrill note. Mad excitement prevailed everywhere.

"They can't catch him!"

"It's a touchdown!"

"Fardale! Fardale!"

"Merriwell! Merriwell!"

Over the goal line Dick dashed and planted the yellow egg fairly behind the posts for an easy touchdown.

## CHAPTER X.

### WATSON'S WRATH.

Dick kicked the goal, and the game was resumed. In less than ten minutes of play the visitors had learned that they were greatly mistaken in thinking they knew the signals of the Fardale team. The captain was boiling with rage.

"Fellows, we've been tricked!" he said. "Pay no further attention to their signals! We've been fooled! They are not using the code of signals we obtained."

He was no less disgusted and enraged than was Chester Arlington.

"What do you suppose the matter is?" grated the son of the great railroad magnate. "They don't seem to stop those plays at all."

"Fardale hasn't tried any of the plays shown on those diagrams thus far," said Crauthers.

"That's not it. They are not using the code of signals we got from Watson."

"Are you sure?"

"Dead sure."

The rascals looked at each other inquiringly.

"You don't suppose Merriwell found out that somebody had been at those papers?" asked Mark.

"Either that or——"

"Or what?"

"Watson has squealed."

"He wouldn't dare!"

"Oh, he's fool enough to do anything, that fellow is! Merriwell got him back into school. Perhaps he became repentant and let out the whole business."

"If that is so," said Crauthers, "Fardale will have a snap to-day, and you'll lose your money."

"If that is so," grated Arlington, "Mr. Watson 'gets his' the first chance I have! I paid him fairly and squarely, and he——"

"He wanted to give the money back."

"But I wouldn't take it, and the trade stood."

"There they go again!"

The struggle was being continued, and the fighting was mostly in the territory of the enemy. Fardale was playing an aggressive game. She played ordinary football, with no new turns or moves for the entire first half, but it was football of the kind that wins, and Hilsboro was kept on the defensive.

When the whistle sounded for the end of the first half Fardale had the ball within four yards of Hilsboro's goal, and another touchdown seemed imminent.

As the visitors left the field the captain saw Chester Arlington and gave him a savage look. Arlington shook his head in a way that was intended to convey the assurance that he had been sincere, but that something had gone wrong.

"He blames me," he muttered to Crauthers. "I don't wonder at it. Oh, say! I want to see Jim Watson!"

"Let's go see him."

"Where?"

"Over at the academy. He is doing stunts on post."

"To-day?"

"Yes. It's his punishment. And it's likely there are not many persons around."

"Then this is our chance!" muttered Arlington. "Come on."

Away they went.

Watson was found pacing up and down a corridor, carrying a gun. There was a resigned look of mystery on his face.

Arlington did not stand on ceremony, but, approaching Watson, he snarled:

"You're a pretty fellow! Now don't give us any



of your airs! There is no one round. What do you mean by playing such a trick on me?"

"What trick?" asked Jim, coolly.

"You know."

"Do I? I don't think so."

"Didn't you sell me the Fardale signals and plays?"

"You know I did, don't you?"

"Well, what did you do then, you cheap slob? After you found out Merriwell had worked you back into school did you go to him and confess that you had betrayed him?"

"Not much!"

"You didn't?"

"No!"

"Don't lie!"

"I've stood all of that I propose to stand!" exclaimed Jim, hotly. "What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"The signals you gave us are not being used. Fardale is playing with another code."

Watson actually laughed.

"Is that so?" he said.

"It is! Now, explain it—if you can!"

"I don't have to explain it. I sold you a code of signals and the plans for certain plays, and I got my money. I am satisfied."

Arlington clinched his fists and stepped toward Watson, hissing:

"You'll get satisfaction of another sort before I am through with you! I don't believe you when you say you have not betrayed me! You are a natural born liar——"

Smash!—Watson struck Arlington between the eyes with the forward butt thrust of his musket, and the son of the great railroad magnate went down on his back, stunned.

Crauthers was astounded and alarmed.

"You crazy idiot!" he exclaimed. "Do you know what you have done? Why, he will have you——"

"Get out!" commanded Jim, excitedly. "You're interfering with me while on post! Get out, or I'll report you!"

"You don't dare!"

"Get at once, or you'll find out I dare. Pick up your friend, and take him along."

Crauthers aided Arlington to his feet. The millionaire's son was dazed, and a great lump was rising on his forehead where the butt of the gun had struck.

"I'll fix you for this!" he promised.

Then Watson drove them both away.

## CHAPTER XI.

### AT THE FINISH.

The second half of the game was in progress when Arlington and Crauthers returned to the field. When they made inquiries they were electrified at the information that Hilsboro had scored a touchdown and a goal on a fluke and the game was tied.

But what electrified them still further was the fact that the game seemed turning against Fardale, and the visitors were now the aggressors.

Several new plays had been tried by Fardale, every one of which had resulted unfavorably.

"What do you think of that?" asked Crauthers. "I believe Watson was on the level, after all. Hilsboro stopped the new plays, and the game is going against Fardale."

"But the signals—how do you explain it that the signals he gave us were not used?"

"Merriwell must have suspected something and used another code, that's all. Look at that! There's a clean smash through Fardale's left wing for a big gain! I guess you'll win your money to-day, old man!"

"If it is a tie, the bets are off," said Arlington, in relief. "That is, if it ends that way."

But there was every indication that the game would not end that way. Hilsboro had found a weakness in Fardale's line, and it was hammering on the weak spot. Four yards were made, then three, then seven, then four again, and the ball was down within nine yards of Fardale's goal.

Then Dick appealed to his men. He was pale, and there was a desperate light in his dark eyes. Defeat was staring them in the face, and the thought of losing this first game, which he had reckoned on winning with comparative ease, was distressing, to say the least.

"Ready, fellows!" he breathed. "Everybody buckle down to it! On your toes! Watch sharp!"

Slam!—again the attack was made on the weak spot, but this time the backs were on hand to render the defense impregnable, and not an inch was gained.

Hilsboro was working fast and hard, and barely was Fardale prepared when another assault was made.

The line swayed, and there were indications of its breaking; then it swayed back, and Hilsboro lost a yard.

"That's the way!" panted Dick, in satisfaction. "Now we're playing football! Keep right in the game!"



There was a brief pause, a quick signal, and then——

Back went the ball, and Farrell lifted it with a beautiful kick for a field goal. Right over the bar it sailed, and the visiting crowd yelled like a lot of mad Indians.

Hilsboro had taken the lead.

And there was only three minutes more of play!

The cadets were silent now as the teams lined up again for the kick-off.

The game seemed won. What chance did Fardale have in three minutes of play when she had been kept on the defensive almost all through the second half?

Punk!—the ball went twisting and squirming down the field.

Instead of taking it and playing for time, Hilsboro drove it back.

Dick Merriwell caught the ball on the run. As it landed in his grasp a tackler flung himself at the captain of the Fardale team. Dick made a great spring and felt the fellow's hands brush his hips. The tackle had failed.

A shout went up from the cadets. In a body they rose to their feet.

"Merriwell!" they thundered.

Without a single interferer, Dick dashed on. Before him loomed an antagonist. He made a sharp turn without slackening his speed perceptibly and avoided the fellow. Hands seemed stretched out for him to the right and the left. They were bound to pull him down! That meant defeat! He must go through now or the colors of Fardale would trail in the dust.

His heart was burning with fierce determination, but his head was cool, and it was his head that won. Somehow he squirmed away from those grasping hands, somehow he dodged the tacklers, somehow he ran through the very center of the enemy, keeping on and on, though it seemed that he must be flung to earth.

Could he get there? Nearer and nearer he drew to the coveted goal. But one man was in his way, and Dick tried his best to trick that fellow.

In vain!

He saw the tackler spring forward, felt his hands, and still he leaped on, though those hands slipped below his hips. Down he went, and a scream of joy came from the visiting crowd of spectators. It was turned to a groan a moment later, for somehow Dick rolled over and over toward the line. When man

after man pounced on him and pinned him motionless he lay with the ball thrust just three inches over the line and held fast.

He had made the touchdown!

Singleton kicked the goal, and the game was won.

\* \* \* \* \*

Crauthers was in his room that night when the door opened and Watson walked in.

"I have just about ten words to say to you," declared Jim, in a defiant manner. "Fardale won today. You picked up a row with me because the signals I gave you were not used. Well, I made those signals up myself."

"What?" gasped Crauthers, incredulously.

"That's what," nodded Watson. "I couldn't get into Merriwell's desk again to get the code there, or to copy the plays. I wanted that fifty dollars, so I spent the afternoon forming a code and inventing some foolish plays. That's all. I've decided to tell you of it, and you can tell your friend Arlington. I offered him his money back, and he wouldn't take it. If he picks up another row with me, I'll tell how he sold a lot of fake signals to Hilsboro. That is good and flat. Good-night."

Then Watson walked out.

THE END.

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Write a letter to Tip Top Weekly, discussing any feature of the famous publication, its characters, plots, athletics, contests, tournaments or anything that impresses you especially; then write across the top of it "Prize Letter," and send it to Street & Smith. So that the contest may be absolutely fair, the readers of Tip Top are to act as judges, and the letters which receive the greatest number of votes will be awarded the prizes. Come on now, boys and girls! Show us which one of all our young Shakespeares are the best letter writers.

**APPLAUSE.**

I have read Tip Top for a long time, and now I am so positively indignant about some of the letters in the Applause Column, that I cannot refrain from writing. I have absolutely no patience with any one who says that Dick should marry Felecia. It is absurd, preposterous! In the first place, Felecia is Dick's cousin, and certainly cousins should never marry, even if they loved each other well enough. And, in the second place, Dick doesn't love Felecia in that way. He is attached to her as a cousin—almost as a sister—and every one knows how far that is removed from the kind of love two persons should feel for each other when they marry. It is an indisputable fact that our sweet, blue-eyed, golden-haired Doris is the girl for Dick—the only one who can make him happy. He is already attracted to her as to no other girl, and as he grows older this feeling will become a deep and lasting love, unless I am greatly mistaken in my estimate of Dick's character. I cannot believe that he will ever be fickle. And, although Felecia fancies now that she loves no one but Dick, she is a very young girl, and her feelings will probably change with time. It would be the very tamest and most disappointing thing in the world for Dick to marry Felecia, and if it should turn out that way, I don't see why our sweet favorite, Doris, should have come into the story at all. But I have too much faith in Mr. Standish as an author to dream that such a thing could happen; so I will calmly banish all such annoying thoughts from my mind. And I want to express my opinions about Zona. I think she is fine. I know from experience that the fellows like a girl who flirts better than one who doesn't, and a girl who, like Zona, is pretty and coquettish, cannot fail to be delightful. And I don't think she is malicious or jealous-minded one bit more than most girls, and I don't blame her at all for scheming to bring Dick Merriwell to her feet. I am deeply in love with him myself. But I think Zona should eventually fall in love with Brad Buckhart, who loves her already, and marry him. I wish the stories would tell more about Brad and Zona, and whether Zona favors Brad at all. The Elsie-Inza contest was decided just right, I think, and Bart Hodge is fine. Well, I will close, and I know it is about time, but I hope my letter is not too long to be published in the Applause Columns.

Newport, R. I. ROSAMOND, A GIRL READER OF TIP TOP.  
The matter of these love affairs we must leave to the future. Let us content ourselves while we watch our dear Tip Top friends through their exciting adventures. The future must take care of itself.

I have just finished reading No. 333 of your unexcelled weekly, Tip Top. I can truly say that it is fine, but there is one thing that I have noticed lately that seems to me dreadful, and that is the number of Tip Toppers who say, in the Applause Column, that Dick should marry Felecia. Such a thing surely cannot be! And, of course, I would not think for a moment of finding fault with Mr. Standish's work, but it seems to me that there has been too much Felecia lately, and too little Doris. I love Doris, and she is unquestionably the girl for Dick, and I think it is about time that Felecia was getting over her fancy for Dick, her cousin. Felecia is very attractive, sweet, and lovable, and I think she and Hal Darrell—who has the making of a noble man—should fall in love with each other. Frank and Inza, Elsie and Bart, Dick and Doris, Hal and Felecia, Brad and Zona, are ideal couples. I wish all Tip Toppers who read this letter and think the same as I do, would say so in their letters. I am sure "our side" will be very strong. Hoping to see this printed in the Applause Column as soon as possible, I am sincerely yours,  
DOROTHY PARRISH.

Newport, R. I.  
There seems to be a spirited discussion arising over the affairs of the hearts belonging to our young hero and his friend Hal. There seems too many different opinions, which is is but natural, considering the number and divers tastes of our readers, but are we not all a little too far-seeing in saying that one person is only suited to such a one, when many circumstances are apt to arise and change a great many things which now cannot be seen? Let us be patient, and in the end we may look at things in a different light, when we have studied every side of the question which now seems such an important one to our readers.

I could not keep quiet if you would put a muzzle on me. I just finished reading the last Tip Top Weekly. And I must say that Dick Merriwell is about the swiftest article that ever came down the pike. That new snake curve of his is certainly a jim-dandy. It did not surprise me in the least when I read that he invented a new curve, for I have been looking for a new twist. I knew it was in him. But, of course, I was not looking for such a peculiar one. I thought he might be able to learn the double shoot. But that rise and drop combination, and his famous jump ball will make the fastest batters look silly, and, besides, he will be even more famous than his brother Frank, and I only hope that when he enters dear old Yale that he will have just as stanch and loyal, true and tried a friend as his brother Frank had. I wouldn't be a bit surprised but that he will be able to master the double shoot yet. And if he does, well, the whole world will go crazy. I wish we could hear from Brad, Zona, and Doris, while Dick is still playing ball out West. Although I am in Uncle Sam's service now, I still keep reading the Weeklies, and I want to say that the Tip Top is the most famous paper here. Three cheers for Dick Merriwell, and the whole Yale Lodge, and may they prosper in all their undertakings and strike terror to the hearts of their enemies, especially Rowdon Bradford. Yours truly,  
JOHN LEWIS.

U. S. Navy.  
No, we do not want you to keep quiet; nor any of our readers. "Hear me shout!" to use Brad's familiar expression, is what all Tip Toppers are entitled to say. Yes, Dick is doing some wonderful work at baseball, and proving what is in him in that line. What Frank did for Yale, Dick is doing for Fardale, and when he shows the winning spirit in all his undertakings now, it can only prophesy great things for him in the future.



I notice that the "latest" in the Applause Column is a slight dispute as to whether Doris or Felecia shall win Dick. I say "slight," because certainly most of the readers know what's what, and want Dick to marry our lovely, blue-eyed Doris. And I don't believe Dick's going to disappoint us. It seems to me that every sane person should be able to see with "half an eye" that Dick and Doris are made for each other. And I might make a similar statement about Hal and Felecia. Any other arrangement—at least about Dick and Doris—would be so dreadfully disappointing to me and most other Tip Toppers that words fail to express what we would probably feel. I hope to see this printed soon. With best regards to Burt L. Standish, Dick, Frank, Bart, Hal, and the girls, a loyal Tip Topper and admirer of Doris,

NORMAN H. CLERMONT.

A Loyal Tip Topper and Admirer of Doris.

It seems a little early yet to forecast as to whether Doris shall be the girl for Dick and Felecia for Hal. There are so many things to happen yet, and tests to be made in their characters, all being so young, that it might take some time for the wheel of fortune to spin around and make the decision a certainty, but when it does we may be sure it will be the right one.

Seeing no applause from Houston, we thought we would write. We get the Tip Top Weekly every week, and think it is the best paper published for boys. We have just read "Dick Merriwell's New Ball," and think it a good number. We started to read Tip Top at No. 316, and have read nearly all of the back numbers. Dick is a dandy. We hope to hear more of Brad Buckhart and Obadiah Tubbs, the pie-eater. We think Burt L. Standish a great author. We will be glad when Dick goes to Yale. His new combination ball will make him as great a pitcher as Frank. We also read the Diamond Dick Weekly. We do not read any other weeklies but Street & Smith's because we think they are the best.

AUBREY EGERTON.

ALFRED FISHER.

You Texas boys are most enthusiastic in favor of our young heroes, whose best points you seem to find at short notice, and so honestly admire. Thank you for your warm praise for Tip Top. It makes us feel that our efforts to give good reading matter to the American boys are rewarded.

Having read Tip Top from No. 1 to No. 328, and not seeing any applause from here, I thought I would express my opinion of Tip Top. I think Frank and Dick are just fine. As for Brad, he is just dandy. As for the fellow who signed himself, "A. Waxen," if he can't stand Brad, he had better sit down. I think Doris and Felecia are lovely. Wishing long life to Tip Top and Burt L. Standish, I remain, your devoted girl friend,

G. C.

Lansing, Mich.  
You should be a good judge of Tip Top, having read each number so carefully, and it is most gratifying to hear your enthusiastic praise of all the characters.

Having read your Tip Top Weekly from No. 1 to date, I wish to express my sentiments. Frank is certainly a model for the American youth. Dick, I think, will prove just as good. I am glad Inza is the one to marry Frank. I agree with G. W. McN. that Bart is no good. Has he ever proved true? The only good friend Frank had was Hatties. Bart would try to knock Frank out if he could. Remember Bart and Frank at Fardale. Burt L. Standish is all right, but I hope that I will never hear from Hodge, Frank's false friend, again.

ANTI-HODGE MAN.

Vermont.  
Your admiration of Frank is merited, but we cannot say as much for your condemnation of Bart. Remember, in many ways he was a true friend of Frank's, and even though appearances were often against him, he has surely been misjudged at times.

At last I have got started on a letter to you. I wish to do as most everybody else does, compliment you on the excellence of that weekly of weeklies, Tip Top. I have read from the first issue up to the last, and in some cases have re-read them. That last ball of Dick's is a dandy, as he calls it a combination. It is on the style of the "double shoot," only curves the other way. Dick will undoubtedly be a greater athlete than Frank—he seems to start out that way. Felecia, the least said about her the better, in my opinion; she is a jealous girl, and seems to do all she can to make Dick miserable. Doris, well, I would take off my hat to her every time. I believe I could love her myself if I would try real hard. Zona is about like the average girl. Well, I will stop, for I don't want to take up too much of your room, but as this is the first time I ever wrote you, I had "to let her out some."

K.

Hal, Brad, Ted, and all the others come in for their share of the applause. Sincerely,  
Mount Vernon.  
Many thanks for your warm praise of Tip Top. There is no doubt but Dick's baseball is all right, and if he continues it right along, we may expect some great work next season.

I have read quite a number of Tip Top Weeklies, and find them very interesting. I think Doris is just the girl for Dick, and Felecia for Hal. I don't like Zona very much, as she has too much of a jealous disposition. Three cheers for Tip Top, Burt L. Standish and Street & Smith. Yours truly,

P. R. P.

Chicago, Ill.  
Your interest in the girls' affairs seems very keen. They are all fine ones, and each has her own admirers, so surely there can be no mistake in the boys' selections.

I have been reading the Tip Top Weekly for nearly a year, and I consider it the best thing that was ever put in print, but I do not like the way things have been going on lately. Some of my friends from Newport have written also, and they side with me. I think that Doris is the girl for Dick, and not Felecia. Hal Darrell and Felecia would, to my mind, make an ideal couple. I hope Brad Buckhart gets Zona Desmond; although I

think he is too good for her. Hoping that I may see this printed soon with some of the other letters from Newport, and that Dick may finally marry Doris, I remain a sincere admirer of the unexcelled Tip Top Weekly,  
ELINOR SARTORIS.

Newport, R. I.

It may not be amiss here and now, dear reader, for us to take a sensible survey of the love questions which are now of absorbing interest to all Tip Top readers. We believe, as you must also, that there should be firm friendships between boys and girls. There is hardly any greater influence a boy can have than the sincere friendship of a good and sweet girl. But, at the same time, we must bear in mind that a boy is a boy, for all that. Most of his trials, his tests of character, his aims in life, and his motives, are all before him, and his conduct in solving these problems, and meeting his requirements are, after all, the things of real and vital interest in his boyhood days. Girl friends he must have to help him—sweethearts, if you like—but the time has not yet come for him when he must settle once and for all the question of his final and lasting love. No, there are other things he must settle first. He is like the young knight who goes into the tournament hoping to win his lady's favor and smiles. Yet, before he comes out a winner, there is an arena full of foes to be reckoned with. With lance and shortsword, with thrust and parry he must battle with his adversaries and never be unhorsed. He has the world to conquer and his lady to win. Let him conquer the first, and the fair one will be his. So, dear readers, is it not best for us to keep this in mind when we think about Dick and his girl friends? Let him win his laurels at Fardale, and then at Yale. Time is a good guardian. He will take care of the rest.

I have been a reader of Tip Top Weekly for several years, and think it beats all other weeklies all hollow. I think it does the young boys of our nation a lot of good. I like the way things are coming out regarding Frank, Inza, Bart and Elsie. Hoping to see this in print, I remain,  
W. E. F.

Chicago, Ill.

Without a question or doubt Tip Top leads the field and is an easy winner.

As we are constant readers of the Tip Top Weekly, and thinking a few suggestions would not come amiss, we suggest that the character of Herbert Hammerswell will be again introduced in the Tip Top Weekly, as it will do much to add to the interest of the readers. ED. TAYLOR, JOE LAWSON, GEORGE HAYES.

Old faces of friends and foes are likely to make their appearance again in Tip Top. Of course, we cannot make any predictions, but it is not an impossible happening that Herbert Hammerswell should appear once more.

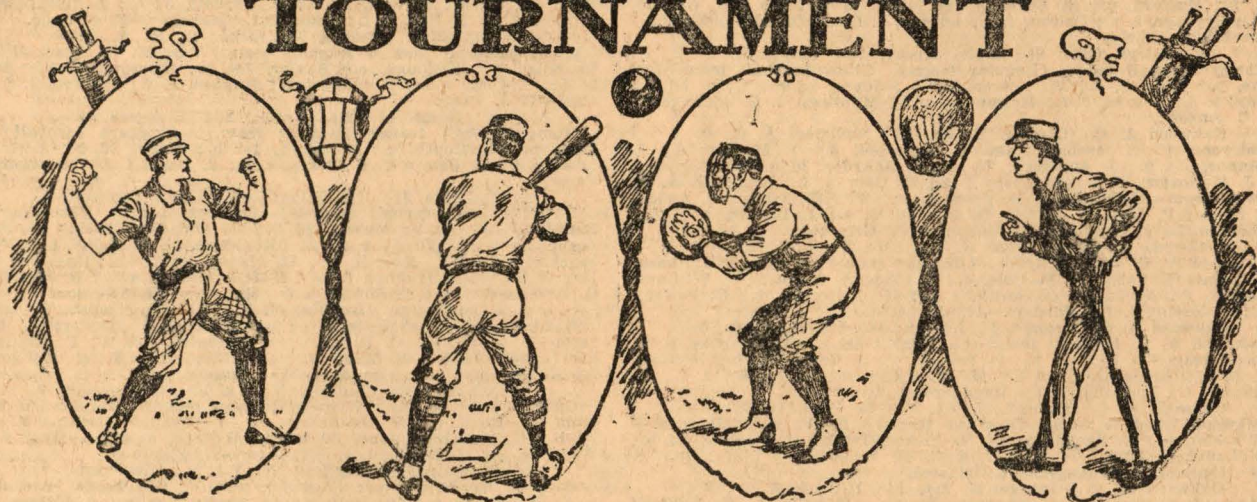
Never having seen anything in the Applause Column from this part of the State, I thought I would write to you. I cannot find words to express how much I admire the Tip Top Weekly. I can simply say that it is O. K., and that is saying a good deal. I think that Frank Merriwell is a fine example for any boy to go by. I try to be as much like him as I can. Four years ago this winter I was very sick. I read everything in the house that I could understand. One day a chum of mine came in to see me. He had a Tip Top in his pocket, and I asked him to let me see it. He did so, and I read that one, and every one that has been published since. At first mother objected to my reading them. She had a mistaken idea that they were not just the thing for a young boy to read. Well, one day when she was talking to me about them I asked her if she would read one and find out for herself if she considered there was anything wrong in them. I wanted to see what she would say. She read one, and has never complained about me reading them since. I heard her tell a lady once that the contrast of characters was very good. My chum who loaned me my first Tip Top wishes to join me in thanking you for the best paper published. Hurrah for the Tip Top and Frank and Dick and all their chums. They are great. Wishing very much to see this in print in next week's edition, we remain, your constant readers, BOB STATON and ALBRY TRETHEWEY.

Rosindale, Mass.

Your chum did you a great kindness, and your mother showed her fine judgment by seconding the motion. May Tip Top and you ever be friends.



# TIP TOP BASE BALL TOURNAMENT



## NOTICE TO ALL CONTESTANTS

IN THE

## Tip Top All-American Base Ball Tournament.

The four prize winners in the tournament will be announced in Tip Top No. 340.

Read the following and see to which of the four leagues your team belongs:

League No. 1 comprises the following States: Connecticut, Delaware, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and Vermont. All teams entered in the tournament from these States are contestants in League No. 1.

League No. 2 comprises the following States: Arkansas, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, New Jersey, Mississippi, Missouri, New Mexico, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia and West Virginia. All teams entered in the tournament from these States are contestants in League No. 2.

League No. 3 comprises the following States: Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota and Wisconsin. All teams entered in the tournament from these States are contestants in League No. 3.

League No. 4 comprises the following States: Alabama, Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Utah, Washington and Wyoming. All teams entered in the tournament from these States are contestants in League No. 4.

Now, then, everybody get ready to play in the second annual Tip Top

## FOOTBALL CONTEST.

Coupons for contest appear in this number. Get on the jump, managers. Take time by the forelock and get your coupons in early and often.

## Here Are the Scores for the Week:

Parkways (Lowell, Mass.), 11; Liberty, 0.  
Parkway baseball team—(Regular team.) Liberty baseball team—Sullivan, p.; Gallagher, c.; Marshall, 1st b.; McCarty, 2d b.; Provencher, 3d b.; Allen, s. s.; Blackman, r. f.; Brewster, c. f.; Barry, l. f. Manager—C. R. Brigham.

Parkways (Lowell, Mass.), 17; Washingtons (Newton), 0.  
Parkway baseball team—(Regular team.) Washington baseball team—Spofford, p.; Martin, c.; Mosely, 1st b.; Barnes, 2d b.; Badger, 3d b.; McCoy, s. s.; Goodwin, r. f.; Boardman, c. f.; Potter, l. f. Manager—C. R. Brigham.

Parkways (Lowell, Mass.), 14; Work and Wins, 0.  
Parkway baseball team—(Regular team.) Work and Win baseball team—Hammond, p.; Dow, c.; Gage, 1st b.; Walsh, 2d b.; Richards, 3d b.; Henley, s. s.; Merrill, r. f.; Carr, c. f.; King, l. f. Manager—C. R. Brigham.

Parkways (Lowell, Mass.), 12; Hildreths, 0.  
Parkway baseball team—(Regular team.) Hildreth baseball team—Brisell, p.; Brown, c.; Hamblett, 1st b.; Tabor, 2d b.; Quinn, 3d b.; Breck, s. s.; Sherman, r. f.; Harrington, c. f.; Dolan, l. f. Manager—C. R. Brigham.

Parkways (Lowell, Mass.), 11; Comets, 0.  
Parkway baseball team—(Regular team.) Comet baseball team—Lester, p.; Brown, c.; Otis, 1st b.; Willis, 2d b.; Clark, 3d b.; Hartman, s. s.; Alcott, r. f.; Adams, c. f.; Deitz, l. f. Manager—C. R. Brigham.

Parkways (Lowell, Mass.), 29; Emmonts, 0.  
Parkway baseball team—(Regular team.) Emmont baseball team—Creigh, p.; Mooney, c.; Fitch, 1st b.; Seers, 2d b.; Goodchild, 3d b.; Myrick, s. s.; Vernon, r. f.; Barker, c. f.; Livingston, l. f. Manager—C. R. Brigham.

Parkways (Lowell, Mass.), 24; Crimsons, 0.  
Parkway baseball team—(Regular team.) Crimson baseball team—Phelps, p.; Coolidge, c.; Fletcher, 1st b.; Poole, 2d b.; Parr, 3d b.; Foley, s. s.; Sumner, r. f.; Bradt, c. f.; Potter, l. f. Manager—C. R. Brigham.

Parkways (Lowell, Mass.), 7; Crescent Jrs., 0.  
Parkway baseball team—(Regular team.) Crescent Jrs. baseball team—Myron, p.; Carvell, c.; Soules, 1st b.; Donavon, 2d b.; C. Patterson, s. s.; D. Patterson, 3d b.; Melancon, r. f.; Lafleur, c. f.; Adams, l. f. Manager—C. R. Brigham.

Parkways (Lowell, Mass.), 14; Bakers, 0.  
Parkway baseball team—(Regular team.) Bakers baseball team—Cheever, p.; Lyman, c.; Dickey, 1st b.; Smith, 2d b.; Kennedy, 3d b.; Gardner, s. s.; Hillard, r. f.; Lynch, c. f.; Post, l. f. Manager—C. R. Brigham.

Parkways (Lowell, Mass.), 14; Crimsons, 0.  
Parkway baseball team—(Regular team.) Crimson baseball team—Sumner, p.; Coolidge, c.; Fletcher, 1st b.; Poole, 2d b.; Parr, 3d b.; Foley, s. s.; Bradt, r. f.; Potter, c. f.; Phelps, l. f. Manager—C. R. Brigham.

Ansleys (Bay St. Louis, Miss.), 20; Bay Boys, 0.  
Ansley baseball team—J. Schwall, p.; L. Delcuze, c.; O. Hill, 1st b.; J. Jacout, 2d b.; E. Strong, 3d b.; J. Vassalli, s. s.; J. Dillman, r. f.; E. Hoffman, c. f.; G. Susenenn, l. f. Bay Boys baseball team—Henderson, p.; P. Tellnar, c.; E. Gex, 1st b.; W. Ratelle, 2d b.; R. Olivari, 3d b.; W. Gex, s. s.; Drive, r. f.; Gardebled, c. f.; Joyce, l. f. Manager—Ed. C. Ansley.

Ansleys (Bay St. Louis, Miss.), 12; Manvilles, 0.  
Ansley baseball team—(Regular team.) Manville baseball team—B. Tomasich, p.; H. Seube, c.; Jethro, 1st b.; Loeber, 2d b.; Egloff, 3d b.; Bontemps, s. s.; Maufrey, r. f.; L. Ansley, c. f.; W. Gex, l. f. Manager—Ed. C. Ansley.

Ansleys (Bay St. Louis, Miss.), 7; M. S. G., 1.  
Ansley baseball team—(Regular team.) M. S. G. baseball team—A. Perre, p.; Graham, c.; Batelle, 1st b.; R. Perre, 2d b.; P. Tolhard, 3d b.; Henderson, s. s.; G. Elmer, r. f.; Austin, c. f.; Rohmer, l. f. Manager—Ed. C. Ansley.

Ansleys (Bay St. Louis, Miss.), 10; Gex's, 0.  
Ansley baseball team—(Regular team.) Gex baseball team—W.



Gex, p.; Basford, c.; G. Schwall, 1st b.; E. Gex, 2d b.; R. Olivari, 3d b.; Bortage, s. s.; Colson, r. f.; Ladner, c. f.; McDonald, l. f. Manager—Ed. C. Ansley.

Ansleys (Bay St. Louis, Miss.), 20; Chips, 0.  
Ansley baseball team—(Regular team.) Chips baseball team—Lafayette, p.; Rohmer, c.; W. Driver, 1st b.; Joyce, 2d b.; Byer, 3d b.; Penny, s. s.; Gerrin, r. f.; McDonald, c. f.; Mauffray, l. f. Manager—Ed. C. Ansley.

Oakwood A. C. (Orange, N. J.), 33; Nameless A. C., 0.  
Oakwood A. C. baseball team—H. Grinstead, p.; J. Morgan, c.; J. McManus, 1st b.; J. Anderson, 2d b.; F. McArdle, 3d b.; F. Burns, s. s.; J. McGovern, r. f.; J. Rush, c. f.; B. Oats, l. f. Nameless A. C. baseball team—P. Odell, p.; M. Brennen, c.; W. Hill, 1st b.; C. Anderson, 2d b.; P. Bradley, 3d b.; D. Denney, s. s.; J. Lenard, r. f.; L. McCabe, c. f.; J. Carroll, l. f. Manager—H. Grinstead.

Oakwood A. C. (Orange, N. J.), 20; Rosebud Jrs., 0.  
Oakwood A. C. baseball team—(Regular team.) Rosebud Jr. baseball team—H. Cole, p.; F. Cole, c.; H. Toppin, 1st b.; W. Williams, 2d b.; S. Parks, 3d b.; C. Smith, s. s.; H. Carson, r. f.; E. Powers, c. f.; J. Scally, l. f. Manager—H. Grinstead.

Oakwood A. C. (Orange, N. J.), 31; Washington A. C., 0.  
Oakwood A. C. baseball team—(Regular team.) Washington A. C. baseball team—L. Savage, p.; P. Pensey, c.; J. Cown, 1st b.; H. Hanson, 2d b.; E. Jackson, 3d b.; M. O'Neill, s. s.; F. Burke, r. f.; H. Clarke, c. f.; J. Miller, l. f. Manager—H. Grinstead.

Oakwood A. C. (Orange, N. J.), 13; E. V. B. C., 13.  
Oakwood baseball team—(Regular team.) E. V. baseball team—F. Wheeler, p.; E. Shepherd, c.; H. Fisher, 1st b.; J. Russell, 2d b.; J. McLaughlin, 3d b.; H. Tucker, s. s.; H. Wilson, r. f.; F. Miller, c. f.; J. Moran, l. f. Manager—H. Grinstead.

Oakwood A. C. (Orange, N. J.), 14; Hillside A. C., 3.  
Oakwood baseball team—(Regular team.) Hillside A. C. baseball team—J. Connolly, p.; G. Green, c.; J. Quigly, 1st b.; J. Cone, 2d b.; M. Haggerty, 3d b.; J. Hamilton, s. s.; A. Hanks, r. f.; C. Bradley, c. f.; A. Webb, l. f. Manager—H. Grinstead.

Oakwood A. C. (Orange, N. J.), 23; Oakwood F. C., 0.  
Oakwood A. C. baseball team—(Regular team.) Oakwood F. C. baseball team—Campbell, p.; Furner, c.; Morton, 1st b.; Nerling, 2d b.; C. Porter, 3d b.; Jennings, s. s.; G. White, r. f.; A. Mason, c. f.; C. Smith, l. f. Manager—H. Grinstead.

Oakwood A. C. (Orange, N. J.), 18; Mountain Oaks, 3.  
Oakwood A. C. baseball team—(Regular team.) Mountain Oaks baseball team—F. McManus, p.; E. Donovan, c.; Bunlet, 1st b.; C. Donovan, 2d b.; Smith, 3d b.; L. McManus, s. s.; White, r. f.; M. Corren, c. f.; J. Smart, l. f. Manager—H. Grinstead.

B. P. Stars (Syracuse, N. Y.), 2; Major B. C., 0.  
B. P. Stars baseball team—Towey, p.; Laughlin, c.; Jordan, 1st b.; Long, 2d b.; Madden, 3d b.; Carey, s. s.; Lahey, r. f.; Rielley, c. f.; Devoy, l. f. Major B. C. baseball team—Mallender, p.; Carley, c.; Smith, 1st b.; Dwyer, 2d b.; Bailey, 3d b.; Harvey, s. s.; Coyle, r. f.; Kendall, c. f.; Gebhart, l. f. Manager—W. Jordan.

B. P. Stars (Syracuse, N. Y.), 9; Mahogany A. C., 0.  
B. P. Stars baseball team—(Regular team.) Mahogany A. C. baseball team—Burke, p.; Fotherham, c.; Thomas, 1st b.; Josephy, 2d b.; Finegan, 3d b.; Moore, s. s.; Aller, r. f.; Richards, c. f.; Motter, l. f. Manager—W. Jordan.

B. P. Stars (Syracuse, N. Y.), 19; Robbers, 0.  
B. P. Stars baseball team—(Regular team.) Robbers baseball team—Jacobs, p.; Harpin, c.; Freedman, 1st b.; Black, 2d b.; Jackson, 3d b.; Tourpin, s. s.; Friend, r. f.; Webster, c. f.; Edwards, l. f. Manager—W. Jordan.

B. P. Stars (Syracuse, N. Y.), 23; Young Scrubs, 0.  
B. P. Stars baseball team—(Regular team.) Young Scrubs baseball team—Mallender, p.; Dugan, c.; Lawler, 1st b.; Folen, 2d b.; Kaylor, 3d b.; Barrett, s. s.; Monroe, r. f.; Depau, c. f.; Green, l. f. Manager—W. Jordan.

B. P. Stars (Syracuse, N. Y.), 13; Mahogany A. C., 1.  
B. P. Stars baseball team—(Regular team.) Mahogany A. C. baseball team—Thomas, p.; Fotherham, c.; Burk, 1st b.; Josephy, 2d b.; F. Meagan, 3d b.; Moore, s. s.; Glier, r. f.; Richards, c. f.; Motter, l. f. Manager—W. Jordan.

B. P. Stars (Syracuse, N. Y.), 4; Crackerjacks, 0.  
B. P. Stars baseball team—(Regular team.) Crackerjacks baseball team—Chauncey, p.; Kaylor, c.; Randsomer, 1st b.; Barrett, 2d b.; Tobias, 3d b.; Chester, s. s.; Ashenfelter, r. f.; Raw, c. f.; Wheeler, l. f. Manager—W. Jordan.

B. P. Stars (Syracuse, N. Y.), 14; Young Scrubs, 0.  
B. P. Stars baseball team—(Regular team.) Young Scrubs baseball team—Mallender, p.; Dugan, c.; Lawler, 1st b.; Folen, 2d b.; Kaylor, 3d b.; Barrett, s. s.; Monroe, r. f.; Depau, c. f.; Green, l. f. Manager—W. Jordan.

B. P. Stars (Syracuse, N. Y.), 23; Conovers, 0.  
B. P. Stars baseball team—(Regular team.) Conover baseball team—Cogan, p.; Flattery, c.; Malloy, 1st b.; Malone, 2d b.; Andrews, 3d b.; Iver, s. s.; Johnson, r. f.; Almond, c. f.; Hooker, l. f. Manager—W. Jordan.

B. P. Stars (Syracuse, N. Y.), 6; Robbers, 0.  
B. P. Stars baseball team—(Regular team.) Robbers baseball team—Jackson, p.; Harpin, c.; Freedman, 1st b.; Black, 2d b.; Jacobs, 3d b.; Tourpin, s. s.; Friend, r. f.; Webster, c. f.; Edwards, l. f. Manager—W. Jordan.

B. P. Stars (Syracuse, N. Y.), 7; Olican A. C., 0.  
B. P. Stars baseball team—(Regular team.) Olican A. C. baseball team—Creedy, p.; Lowell, c.; Carew, 1st b.; Maview, 2d b.; Carnell, 3d b.; Willis, s. s.; Maloney, r. f.; Faber, c. f.; Montgomery, l. f. Manager—W. Jordan.

B. P. Stars (Syracuse, N. Y.), 18; Conovers, 0.  
B. P. Stars baseball team—(Regular team.) Conover baseball team—Malloy, p.; Flattery, c.; Cogan, 1st b.; Malone, 2d b.; Andrews, 3d b.; Iver, s. s.; Johnson, r. f.; Almond, c. f.; Hooker, l. f. Manager—W. Jordan.

Bums (Peoria, Tex.), 7; Pickups, 3.  
Bums baseball team—Dillard, p.; Allison, c.; Gage, 1st b.; Bragg, 2d b.; Hill, 3d b.; Dunn, s. s.; Blackir, r. f.; E. Hamilton, c. f.; Rauth, l. f. Pickups baseball team—Hewitt, p.; Winter, c.; F. J.

Page, 1st b.; W. Barnett, 2d b.; D. Barnett, 3d b.; A. Hamilton, s. s.; Forbes, r. f.; J. Hill, c. f.; King, l. f. Manager—F. J. Page.

Bums (Peoria, Tex.), 24; O. M. A., 7.  
Bums baseball team—(Regular team.) O. M. A. baseball team—Chandler, p.; Killough, c.; Buster, 1st b.; Marrow, 2d b.; Burdette, 3d b.; Rogers, s. s.; Knight, r. f.; Hughes, c. f.; Darnell, l. f. Manager—T. J. Page.

Bums (Peoria, Tex.), 23; Sluggers, 2.  
Bums baseball team—(Regular team.) Sluggers baseball team—Ellis, p.; K. Routh, c.; G. Dunn, 1st b.; Mack, 2d b.; Hill, 3d b.; Low, s. s.; L. Bragg, r. f.; King, c. f.; J. Page, l. f. Manager—T. J. Page.

Oakdale Jrs. (Buffalo, N. Y.), 24; Yankees, 0.  
Oakdale Jrs. baseball team—J. Conners, p.; B. Freeman, c.; S. Rebadow, 1st b.; H. Mayer, 2d b.; D. Dieboldt, 3d b.; H. Shannon (capt.), s. s.; J. Wende, r. f.; A. Dieboldt, c. f.; J. Welch, l. f. Yankees baseball team—F. Merrill, p.; C. Howe, c.; B. Whiting, 1st b.; M. Harris, 2d b.; E. Hughes, 3d b.; E. Hill (capt.), s. s.; B. Harris, r. f.; G. Anderson, c. f.; F. Simon, l. f. Manager—H. Shannon.

Oakdale Jrs. (Buffalo, N. Y.), 14; Youngsters, 0.  
Oakdale Jrs. baseball team—(Regular team.) Youngsters baseball team—J. Clark, p.; C. Hart, c.; P. Telhaud, 1st b.; F. Brennan, 2d b.; J. Shift, 3d b.; O. Wiley, s. s.; P. Randall, r. f.; C. McFarland, c. f.; A. Donahue, l. f. Manager—H. Shannon.

Oakdale Jrs. (Buffalo, N. Y.), 17; Maplewoods, 0.  
Oakdale Jrs. baseball team—(Regular team.) Maplewood baseball team—O. Koch, p.; P. Donaldson, c.; J. Creacion, 1st b.; F. Adams, 2d b.; B. Van Den Mone, 3d b.; L. Weaver, s. s.; J. Max, r. f.; C. White, c. f.; Q. Hollis, l. f. Manager—H. Shannon.

Oakdale Jrs. (Buffalo, N. Y.), 9; Glenwoods, 0.  
Oakdale Jrs. baseball team—(Regular team.) Glenwoods baseball team—J. Blackburn, p.; W. Dell, c.; D. Griffin, 1st b.; I. Kernot, 2d b.; P. Hunt, 3d b.; Horberger, s. s.; Churchill, r. f.; Alevey, c. f.; B. Getz, l. f. Manager—H. Shannon.

Oakdale Jrs. (Buffalo, N. Y.), 25; Nine Stars, 0.  
Oakdale Jrs. baseball team—(Regular team.) Nine Stars baseball team—J. O'Connell, p.; H. Smith, c.; G. Anderson, 1st b.; J. Sweetler, 2d b.; B. Callip, 3d b.; E. Hughes, s. s.; McLaughlin, r. f.; F. McFarland, c. f.; J. Endres, l. f. Manager—H. Shannon.

Oakdale Jrs. (Buffalo, N. Y.), 22; Mohawk A. C., 0.  
Oakdale Jrs. baseball team—(Regular team.) Mohawk A. C. baseball team—F. Jacklitz, p.; P. Zimmer, c.; M. Donnor, 1st b.; F. Peters, 2d b.; L. Loughlin, 3d b.; E. Hill (capt.), s. s.; J. Miller, r. f.; T. Curtis, c. f.; B. Engle, l. f. Manager—H. Shannon.

Oakdale Jrs. (Buffalo, N. Y.), 26; Yellow Kids, 0.  
Oakdale Jrs. baseball team—(Regular team.) Yellow Kids baseball team—J. Skinner, p.; G. Anderson, c.; C. Miller, 1st b.; F. Cresion, 2d b.; L. Bightson, 3d b.; B. Lasonski, s. s.; B. Jokeun, r. f.; H. Locke, c. f.; J. Bur, l. f. Manager—H. Shannon.

Oakdale Jrs. (Buffalo, N. Y.), 17; Dexters, 0.  
Oakdale Jrs. baseball team—(Regular team.) Dexter baseball team—M. O'Connell, p.; Joe Godfrey, c.; Ned. Cooper, 1st b.; J. Wilson, 2d b.; A. Peters, 3d b.; J. Sherwood, s. s.; L. Smith, r. f.; J. Lutz, c. f.; F. Wenn, l. f. Manager—H. Shannon.

Oakdale Jrs. (Buffalo, N. Y.), 14; L. E. A. C., 0.  
Oakdale Jrs. baseball team—(Regular team.) L. E. A. C. baseball team—J. Hayward, p.; J. O'Donnell, c.; L. Murphy, 1st b.; W. Silter, 2d b.; R. Jones, 3d b.; Kid Hill (capt.), s. s.; P. Marion, r. f.; C. Veigh, c. f.; F. Murphy, l. f. Manager—H. Shannon.

Warrior A. C. (Manchester, N. H.), 24; Rough Riders, 0.  
Warrior A. C. baseball team—Higgins, p.; Connolly, c.; McArdle, 1st b.; Murphy, 2d b.; Gillinghool, 3d b.; Sullivan, s. s.; Haley, r. f.; M. Stanton, c. f.; W. Stanton, l. f. Rough Riders baseball team—Hanson and Newton, p.; Currier, c.; Dickson and Hanson, 1st b.; Kimball, 2d b.; Shirley, 3d b.; Newton and Dickson, s. s.; Fletcher and Gillis, r. f.; Gillis and Fletcher, c. f.; Eldridge, l. f. Manager—Charles Rochford.

Warrior A. C. (Manchester, N. H.), 7; Rough Riders, 0.  
Warrior A. C. baseball team—(Regular team.) Rough Riders baseball team—Hanson, p.; Currier, c.; Dickson, 1st b.; Kimball, 2d b.; Shirley, 3d b.; Newton, s. s.; Fletcher, r. f.; Gillis (capt.), c. f.; Eldridge, l. f. Manager—Charles Rochford.

Warrior A. C. (Manchester, N. H.), 23; Buckhorns, 0.  
Warrior A. C. baseball team—(Regular team.) Buckhorns baseball team—Durgin (capt.), p.; Bishop, c.; Davis, 1st b.; Targett, 2d b.; Moore, 3d b.; Stevens, s. s.; Conley, r. f.; Snyder, c. f.; Wilson, l. f. Manager—Charles Rochford.

Warrior A. C. (Manchester, N. H.), 8; Rainbows, 0.  
Warrior A. C. baseball team—(Regular team.) Rainbows baseball team—C. Redmond, p.; H. Corners, c.; D. Jones, 1st b.; S. Morse, 2d b.; F. McCarthy (capt.), 3d b.; L. Egan, s. s.; P. O'Connell, r. f.; A. Harris, c. f.; E. Newton, l. f. Manager—Charles Rochford.

Warrior A. C. (Manchester, N. H.), 20; Bushwhackers, 0.  
Warrior A. C. baseball team—(Regular team.) Bushwhackers baseball team—M. Griffin, p.; F. Sullivan, c.; J. High, 1st b.; S. Moran, 2d b.; H. Kennedy, 3d b.; D. McCarthy, s. s.; P. Corbett, r. f.; D. O'Brien, c. f.; J. O'Brien, l. f. Manager—Charles Rochford.

Warrior A. C. (Manchester, N. H.), 12; Sandy Hills, 0.  
Warrior A. C. baseball team—(Regular team.) Sandy Hills baseball team—W. Maloney, p.; C. Hartmen, c.; F. Bodkin, 1st b.; M. Carney, 2d b.; P. Moran, 3d b.; E. Stone, s. s.; L. Richmond, r. f.; P. Hennigan, c. f.; F. Kersh (capt.), l. f. Manager—Charles Rochford.

Warrior A. C. (Manchester, N. H.), 5; Sand Banks, 2.  
Warrior A. C. baseball team—(Regular team.) Sand Banks baseball team—Mohar (capt.), p.; Smith, c.; Levine, 1st b.; Fitzgerald, 2d b.; Labore, 3d b.; Carroll, s. s.; Miles, r. f.; Barry, c. f.; Moore, l. f. Manager—Charles Rochford.

Warrior A. C. (Manchester, N. H.), 3; Skeags B. B. C., 0.  
Warrior A. C. baseball team—(Regular team.) Skeags baseball team—Corey (capt.), p.; Pickering, c.; Wingate, 1st b.; Farmer, 2d b.; Morley, 3d b.; Plummer, s. s.; Lenard, r. f.; Levine, c. f.; Quinn, l. f. Manager—Charles Rochford.

Warrior A. C. (Manchester, N. H.), 12; Red Stripes, 0.  
Warrior A. C. baseball team—(Regular team.) Red Stripes baseball team—Wilber (capt.), p.; Coolley, c.; O'Brien, 1st b.; McNorman,



2d b.; Sullivan, 3d b.; Cornish, s. s.; Drew, r. f.; Helbert, c. f.; Brennan, l. f. Manager—Charles Rochford.

Warrior A. C. (Manchester, N. H.), 7; White Stars, 0.  
Warrior A. C. baseball team—(Regular team.) White Stars baseball team—Conway (capt.), p.; Elliot, c.; Warden, 1st b.; Healey, 2d b.; Burnham, 3d b.; Dickinson, s. s.; Nevers, r. f.; Norriss, c. f.; Elmont, l. f. Manager—Charles Rochford.

Warrior A. C. (Manchester, N. H.), 16; Red Stripes, 0.  
Warrior A. C. baseball team—(Regular team.) Red Stripes baseball team—Brennan, p.; Cooller, c.; O'Brien, 1st b.; McNorman, 2d b.; Sullivan, 3d b.; Cornish, s. s.; Drew, r. f.; Helbert, c. f.; Wilber, l. f. Manager—Charles Rochford.

Warrior A. C. (Manchester, N. H.), 19; Red Stripes, 0.  
Warrior A. C. baseball team—(Regular team.) Red Stripes baseball team—Wilber (capt.), p.; Cooller, c.; O'Brien, 1st b.; McNorman, 2d b.; Sullivan, 3d b.; Cornish, s. s.; Drew, r. f.; Helbert, c. f.; Brennan, l. f. Manager—Charles Rochford.

Warrior A. C. (Manchester, N. H.), 8; White Stars, 0.  
Warrior A. C. baseball team—(Regular team.) Conway (capt.), p.; Elliot, c.; Warden, 1st b.; Healey, 2d b.; Burnham, 3d b.; Dickinson, s. s.; Nevers, r. f.; Norriss, c. f.; Elmont, l. f. Manager—Charles Rochford.

Warrior A. C. (Manchester, N. H.), 11; Red Stripes, 0.  
Warrior A. C. baseball team—(Regular team.) Red Stripes baseball team—Brennan, p.; Cooller, c.; O'Brien, 1st b.; McNorman, 2d b.; Sullivan, 3d b.; Cornish, s. s.; Drew, r. f.; Helbert, c. f.; Wilber, l. f. Manager—Charles Rochford.

Warrior A. C. (Manchester, N. H.), 13; Golden Eagles, 0.  
Warrior A. C. baseball team—(Regular team.) Golden Eagles baseball team—Stinson (capt.), p.; H. Washer, c.; Chambers, 1st b.; Bronson, 2d b.; McBride, 3d b.; Noonan, s. s.; Burpee, r. f.; T. Washer, c. f.; Everson, l. f. Manager—Charles Rochford.

Warrior A. C. (Manchester, N. H.), 20; Golden Eagles, 0.  
Warrior A. C. baseball team—(Regular team.) Golden Eagles baseball team—Burpee, p.; Stinson (capt.), c.; Chambers, 1st b.; Bronson, 2d b.; McBride, 3d b.; Noonan, s. s.; H. Washer, r. f.; T. Washer, c. f.; Everson, l. f. Manager—Charles Rochford.

Warrior A. C. (Manchester, N. H.), 12; Golden Eagles, 0.  
Warrior A. C. baseball team—(Regular team.) Golden Eagles baseball team—Burpee, p.; Stinson (capt.), c.; Chambers, 1st b.; Bronson, 2d b.; McBride, 3d b.; Noonan, s. s.; Walker, r. f.; Dammen, c. f.; Everson, l. f. Manager—Charles Rochford.

Gloucester Juniors (Gloucester, N. J.), 7; Mercer A. A., 6.  
Gloucester Juniors baseball team—L. Thompson, p.; R. Moyer, c.; L. Lane, 1st b.; W. Baile, 2d b.; B. Baile, 3d b.; J. A. Barnes, s. s.; J. A. McAleese, r. f.; F. McGuigan, c. f.; W. Hyland, l. f. Mercer A. A. baseball team—A. Pascho, p.; C. Sweeten, c.; T. Moss, 1st b.; J. Walsh, 2d b.; F. Gorman, 3d b.; R. Ryers, s. s.; G. Frazier, r. f.; J. Moss, c. f.; R. Thompson, l. f. Captain—John A. Barnes.

Gloucester Juniors (Gloucester, N. J.), 14; Hillside, 4.  
Gloucester Juniors baseball team—(Regular team.) Hillside baseball team—C. McMaster, p.; A. Sterling, c.; J. Bell, 1st b.; I. Brown, 2d b.; J. Clark, 3d b.; J. Anderson, s. s.; P. Moore, r. f.; J. Hangey, c. f.; R. Clalaben, l. f. Captain—John A. Barnes.

Epworth Guards (Penn's Grove, N. J.), 20; Scrubs, 5.  
Epworth Guards baseball team—Torton, p.; Layton (capt.), c.; Morris, 1st b.; Kidd, 2d b.; Biddle, 3d b.; Bradway, s. s.; Leonard, r. f.; Hillman, c. f.; English, l. f. Scrubs baseball team—Fenniminini, p.; Watson, c.; Bisbee, 1st b.; Pyle, 2d b.; Hammit, s. s.; Leap, r. f.; Ale, c. f.; Gibbs, l. f. Manager—W. Kidd.

Epworth Guards (Penn's Grove, N. J.), 14; Orien Juniors, 9.  
Epworth Guards baseball team—(Regular team.) Orien Juniors baseball team—Dolbow, p.; Hunter, c.; Brosen, 1st b.; Diver, 2d b.; Corson, 3d b.; Ward, s. s.; Johnson, r. f.; Biddle, l. f. Manager—W. Kidd.

Epworth Guards (Penn's Grove, N. J.), 8; Orien Juniors, 6.  
Epworth Guards baseball team—(Regular team.) Orien Juniors baseball team—Dolbow, p.; Burns, c.; Brown, 1st b.; Johnson, 2d b.; Wash, 3d b.; Hunter, s. s.; Johnson, r. f.; Corson, c. f.; Biddle, l. f. Manager—W. Kidd.

Epworth Guards (Penn's Grove, N. J.), 17; Scrubs, 2.  
Epworth Guards baseball team—(Regular team.) Scrubs baseball team—Funiman, p.; Honinibit, c.; Leap, 1st b.; Pyle, 2d b.; Titus, 3d b.; Watson, s. s.; Cile, r. f.; Burke, c. f.; Gibbs, l. f. Manager—W. Kidd.

Belden Juniors (Chicago, Ill.), 22; Green Backs, 2.  
Belden Juniors baseball team—W. Bitner, p.; F. Seese, c.; W. Herzog, 1st b.; R. Walter, 2d b.; A. Harland, 3d b.; G. Rosier, r. f.; W. Schaefer, s. s.; K. Harland, c. f.; W. Morris, l. f. Green Backs baseball team—Albert Card, p.; James Wolf, c.; Berte Dunkirk, 1st b.; Arthur Lennels, 2d b.; Charles Howe, 3d b.; Frank Jones, s. s.; Robert Hotz, r. f.; Harry Truepe, c. f.; Fred Wilke, l. f. Manager—Wm. Herzog.

Belden Juniors (Chicago, Ill.), 21; Johnnies, 0.  
Belden Juniors baseball team—(Regular team.) Johnnies baseball team—Frank, p.; John Mitchell, c.; James Douglass, 1st b.; Frank Durend, 2d b.; Willie Cornan, 3d b.; Charles Conrad, s. s.; George Hill, r. f.; Daniel Douglass, c. f.; Willard McKinn, l. f. Manager—Wm. Herzog.

Belden Juniors (Chicago, Ill.), 12; Red Eagles, 3.  
Belden Juniors baseball team—(Regular team.) Red Eagles baseball team—B. Simpson, p.; L. Harban, c.; F. Reid, 1st b.; C. Reid, 2d b.; H. Smithen, 3d b.; W. Clay, s. s.; G. Fulton, r. f.; D. Adams, c. f.; S. Daner, l. f. Manager—Herzog.

Belden Juniors (Chicago, Ill.), 20; Dukes, 0.  
Belden Juniors baseball team—(Regular team.) Dukes baseball team—J. Cameron (capt.), p.; R. Livings, c.; A. Helson, 1st b.; P. Alstock, 2d b.; F. Popp, 3d b.; Art. Sherhann, s. s.; Joe Buttler, r. f.; H. Raymond, c. f.; D. Mirsch, l. f. Manager—W. Herzog.

Belden Juniors (Chicago, Ill.), 13; Castles, 0.  
Belden Juniors baseball team—(Regular team.) Castles baseball team—John Kask, p.; Ben Lester, c.; Max Zuber, 1st b.; Henry Junk, 2d b.; Frank Watdon, 3d b.; Phil Gernby, s. s.; Charles Kurnere, r. f.; Robbie Watdon, c. f.; Daniel Barcal, l. f. Manager—W. Herzog.

Belden Juniors (Chicago, Ill.), 12; Des Plaines, 1.  
Belden Juniors baseball team—(Regular team.) Des Plaines baseball team—Charles Jensen, p.; Walter Durd, c.; Carl Steele, 1st b.; Joe Bent, 2d b.; August Reutz, 3d b.; James Smith, s. s.; John Pall, r. f.; Walter Carltonby, c. f.; Frank Letz, l. f. Manager—W. Herzog.

Bucking Broncos (Osceola, Ark.), 17; Crackerjacks, 2.  
Bucking Broncos baseball team—D. Blackwood, p.; H. Weinberg, c.; G. Bryant, 1st b.; L. Cartwright, 2d b.; M. Semmes, 3d b.; J. Bowen, s. s.; H. Hall, r. f.; W. Walker, c. f.; B. Triplett, l. f. Crackerjacks baseball team—C. Hale, p.; C. Lawrence, c.; I. Dekins, 1st b.; S. Dekins, 2d b.; J. Dekins, 3d b.; F. White, s. s.; W. McMurray, r. f.; L. Bouregard, c. f.; H. Smith, l. f. Manager—H. Weinberg.

Bucking Broncos (Osceola, Ark.), 5; Jamaica Gingers, 0.  
Bucking Broncos baseball team—(Regular team.) Jamaica Gingers baseball team—J. Holland, p.; S. Jones, c.; B. Feczer, 1st b.; G. Mastern, 2d b.; B. Lovell, 3d b.; T. Hendricks, s. s.; C. Senator, r. f.; W. Prewitt, c. f.; J. Walker, l. f. Manager—H. Weinberg.

Bucking Broncos (Osceola, Ark.), 24; Scrubs, 2.  
Bucking Broncos baseball team—(Regular team.) Scrub baseball team—B. Walker, J. Carter, Sims, p.; A. Stallings, c.; J. McGarrity, 1st b.; B. Roads, 2d b.; A. Levy, 3d b.; F. White, s. s.; J. Blackbell, r. f.; M. Carroll, c. f.; S. Johnson, l. f. Manager—H. Weinberg.

Bucking Broncos (Osceola, Ark.), 8; Luzora Stars, 1.  
Bucking Broncos baseball team—(Regular team.) Luzora Stars baseball team—J. Buckley, p.; W. Hayes, c.; G. Driver, 1st b.; J. Powell, 2d b.; N. Layne, 3d b.; W. Morrow, s. s.; J. Lynch, r. f.; L. Parmer, c. f.; D. Dudney, l. f. Manager—H. Weinberg.

Riverviews (Waltham, Mass.), 3; P. C. C., 0.  
Riverviews baseball team—Roscoe McCleave, p.; Loring Barlow, c.; Harry White, 1st b.; George Keyes, 2d b.; Earl McCleave, 3d b.; Solomon Fruchtmann, s. s.; Fred Moriarty, r. f.; Henry Shields, c. f.; Roy Stubbs, l. f. P. C. C. baseball team—Frank Burke, p.; Joseph Barret, c.; Harry Quincy, 1st b.; Joseph Berry, 2d b.; Charles Hoffman, 3d b.; Howard Cotton, s. s.; William Cutting, r. f.; Charles Barret, c. f.; Louis Latre, l. f. Manager—Loring Barlow.

Riverviews (Waltham, Mass.), 9; Waverleys, 2.  
Riverviews baseball team—(Regular team.) Waverleys baseball team—Names not given. Manager—Loring Barlow.

Riverviews (Waltham, Mass.), 4; Gladons, 1.  
Riverviews baseball team—(Regular team.) Gladons baseball team—Names not given. Manager—Loring Barlow.

Riverviews (Waltham, Mass.), 3; Malden A. A., 2.  
Riverviews baseball team—(Regular team.) Malden A. A. baseball team—Frank Woodbury, p.; Charles Stafford, c.; Hennelly, 1st b.; Joseph Bowman, 2d b.; Edward Brain, 3d b.; Harry Triff, s. s.; Connie Rogers, r. f.; Joseph Lett, c. f.; Carl Stafford, l. f. Manager—Loring Barlow.

Riverviews (Waltham, Mass.), 12; Adams School, 3.  
Riverviews baseball team—(Regular team.) Adams School baseball team—Joseph Saunders, p.; Edward Miller, c.; Joseph Lourie, 1st b.; Edmond Tracy, 2d b.; Henry Ketter, 3d b.; Joseph Totman, s. s.; James Leet, r. f.; Sam Riley, c. f.; Frances Whiting, l. f. Manager—Loring Barlow.

Riverviews (Waltham, Mass.), 10; Waverleys, 3.  
Riverviews baseball team—(Regular team.) Waverleys baseball team—Names not given. Manager—Loring Barlow.

Riverviews (Waltham, Mass.), 2; Boston Cadets, 2.  
Riverviews baseball team—(Regular team.) Boston Cadets baseball team—Harry Ryan, p.; Lorie Urice, c.; John Crane, 1st b.; William Bell, 2d b.; Joseph Allan, 3d b.; Edward Cobe, s. s.; Samuel Adams, r. f.; Harold Gibbons, c. f.; Jace Swanton, l. f. Manager—Loring Barlow.

Riverviews (Waltham, Mass.), 9; P. C. C., 4.  
Riverviews baseball team—(Regular team.) P. C. C. baseball team—Frank Burke, p.; Joseph Barret, c.; Harry Quincy, 1st b.; Joseph Berry, 2d b.; Charles Hoffman, 3d b.; Harold Cotton, s. s.; William Cutting, r. f.; Charles Barret, c. f.; Louis Latre, l. f. Manager—Loring Barlow.

Riverviews (Waltham, Mass.), 6; Boys' School, 2.  
Riverviews baseball team—(Regular team.) Boys' School baseball team—Joseph Thorpe, p.; Henry Kimball, c.; William Cuttong, 1st b.; Harry Shields, 2d b.; Rector Teek, 3d b.; Sam Steel, s. s.; Charles Cain, r. f.; Fred Moore, c. f.; Harry Erne, l. f. Manager—Loring Barlow.

Riverviews (Waltham, Mass.), 6; Beverleys, 2.  
Riverviews baseball team—(Regular team.) Beverleys baseball team—Charles Neale, p.; Harry McCleave, c.; George Towne, 1st b.; Harry Walker, 2d b.; Joseph Spurr, 3d b.; Carl Kent, s. s.; William Sears, r. f.; Henry Williams, c. f.; Ernest Foley, l. f. Manager—Loring Barlow.

Riverviews (Waltham, Mass.), 1; Waverleys, 1.  
Riverviews baseball team—(Regular team.) Waverleys baseball team—Names not given. Manager—Loring Barlow.

Riverviews (Waltham, Mass.), 4; Chelsea C. C., 1.  
Riverviews baseball team—(Regular team.) Chelsea C. C. baseball team—Elmer Fritt, p.; Joseph Louison, c.; Frank Ratto, 1st b.; Henry Fritt, 2d b.; Joseph Greenex, 3d b.; Walter Lucas, s. s.; Fred Haffey, r. f.; Ray Tracy, c. f.; Silas Treety, l. f. Manager—Loring Barlow.

Riverviews (Waltham, Mass.), 3; Beverleys, 0.  
Riverviews baseball team—(Regular team.) Beverleys baseball team—Charles Neale, p.; Harry McCleave, c.; George Towne, 1st b.; Harry Walker, 2d b.; Joseph Spurr, 3d b.; Carl Kent, s. s.; William Sears, r. f.; Henry Williams, c. f.; Ernest Foley, l. f. Manager—Loris Barlow.

Riverviews (Waltham, Mass.), 6; Adams School, 1.  
Riverviews baseball team—(Regular team.) Adams School baseball team—Joseph Saunders, p.; Edward Miller, c.; Joseph Lourie, 1st b.; Edmond Tracy, 2d b.; Henry Ketter, 3d b.; Joseph Totman, s. s.; James Leet, r. f.; Sam Riley, c. f.; Francis Whiting, l. f. Manager—Loring Barlow.

Riverviews (Waltham, Mass.), 2; Sluggers, 3.  
Riverviews baseball team—(Regular team.) Sluggers baseball team—Joseph Kearns, p.; Henry Lamont, c.; Harry Merles, 1st b.; Joseph Green, 2d b.; John Hewitt, 3d b.; Joseph Flint, s. s.; Frank Merles, r. f.; Charles Ledger, c. f.; George Neal, l. f. Manager—Loring Barlow.



## Riverviews (Waltham, Mass.), 3; Boys, School, 0.

Riverviews baseball team—(Regular team.) Boys' School baseball team—Joseph Thorpe, p.; Henry Kimball, c.; William Gooding, 1st b.; Harry Shields, 2d b.; Rector Teek, 3d b.; Sam Steel, s. s.; Charles Cain, r. f.; Fred Moore, c. f.; Harry Erbe, l. f. Manager—Loring Barlow.

## American Boys (Brunswick, Maine), 13; Mere Brooks, 0.

American Boys baseball team—Davis, p.; Thompson, c.; Cony, 1st b.; Clark, 2d b.; Brown, 3d b.; Adams, s. s.; Roberts, r. f.; Haskell, c. f.; Cripps, l. f. Mere Brooks baseball team—Prince, p.; G. Sadler, c.; H. Skoefeld, 1st b.; Ward, 2d b.; Coffin, 3d b.; P. Sadler, s. s.; A. E. Snow, r. f.; Rogers, c. f.; E. Skoefeld, l. f. Manager—J. Snow.

## American Boys (Brunswick, Maine), 18; Powder House Hill, 0.

American Boys baseball team—(Regular team.) Powder House Hill baseball team—Copp, p.; Kittredge, c.; Mather, 1st b.; Farrington, 2d b.; Wheeler, 3d b.; Coffin, s. s.; Dyer, r. f.; Elwell, c. f.; Prince, l. f. Manager—Snow.

## American Boys (Brunswick, Maine), 1; T. H. S., 0.

American Boys baseball team—(Regular team.) T. H. S. baseball team—Whitten, p.; Berry, c.; Colby, 1st b.; Gond, 2d b.; Powers, 3d b.; White, s. s.; Lang, r. f.; Davis, c. f.; Chase, l. f. Manager—Snow.

## Fardales (Washington, D. C.), 3; Busy Bees, 1.

Fardales baseball team—H. Randall, p.; G. Molloy, c.; F. Parker, 1st b.; T. Hurney, 2d b.; Nick Murphy, 3d b.; T. Macy, s. s.; H. Parker, r. f.; C. Randall, c. f.; J. Murphy, l. f. Busy Bees baseball team—Gary, p.; Kraemer, c.; Moses, 1st b.; Lowe, 2d b.; Garrett, 3d b.; Kime, s. s.; Calvin, r. f.; Dubois, c. f.; Nolan, l. f. Manager—S. Kreig.

## Fardales (Washington, D. C.), 9; Busy Bees, 2.

Fardales baseball team—(Regular team.) Busy Bees baseball team—Moses, p.; Kraemer, c.; Gary, 1st b.; Lowe, 2d b.; Garrett, 3d b.; Kime, s. s.; Calvin, r. f.; Dubois, c. f.; Nolan, l. f. Manager—S. Kreig.

## Fardales (Washington, D. C.), 8; Potomacs, 3.

Fardales baseball team—(Regular team.) Potomacs baseball team—Kelley, p.; Croker, c.; Lewis, 1st b.; Bradley, 2d b.; Quill, 3d b.; Curtis, s. s.; McKee, r. f.; Volte, c. f.; Masone, l. f. Manager—S. Kreig.

## Fardales (Washington, D. C.), 9; Potomacs, 1.

Fardales baseball team—(Regular team.) Potomacs baseball team—Lewis, p.; Croker, c.; Kelley, 1st b.; Bradley, 2d b.; Quill, 3d b.; Curtis, s. s.; McKee, r. f.; Volte, c. f.; Masone, l. f. Manager—S. Kreig.

## Fardales (Washington, D. C.), 9; Little Rocks, 11.

Fardales baseball team—(Regular team.) Little Rock baseball team—McWade, p.; Bolac, c.; Widmayer, 1st b.; Smith, 2d b.; Widmire, 3d b.; Hall, s. s.; Ruins, r. f.; Garrett, c. f.; Neiman, l. f. Manager—S. Kreig.

## Fardales (Washington, D. C.), 9; Mt. Pleasants, 6.

Fardales baseball team—(Regular team.) Mt. Pleasant baseball team—Coleman, p.; Ryan, c.; Spates, 1st b.; Birch, 2d b.; Rulin, 3d b.; Pryer, s. s.; Mullen, r. f.; Fudder, c. f.; Gwire, l. f. Manager—S. Kreig.

## Fardales (Washington, D. C.), 16; Radfords, 5.

Fardales baseball team—(Regular team.) Radfords baseball team—Reed, p.; Tew, c.; Goddard, 1st b.; Eberly, 2d b.; Hayes, 3d b.; Woods, s. s.; Burns, r. f.; Moore, c. f.; Mullaney, l. f. Manager—S. Kreig.

## Fardales (Washington, D. C.), 3; Hurons, 2.

Fardales baseball team—(Regular team.) Hurons baseball team—Flather, p.; Myers, c.; James, 1st b.; Cambone, 2d b.; Mann, 3d b.; Parkes, s. s.; Pettit, r. f.; Warren, c. f.; Potts, l. f. Manager—S. Kreig.

## Fardales (Washington, D. C.), 18; Albermarles, 1.

Fardales baseball team—(Regular team.) Albermarles baseball team—Simonton, p.; Coughlin, c.; Connolly, 1st b.; Bain, 2d b.; Karr, 3d b.; Sauter, s. s.; Dove, r. f.; Britt, c. f.; Crole, l. f. Manager—S. Kreig.

## Fardales (Washington, D. C.), 7; Meridians, 4.

Fardales baseball team—(Regular team.) Meridians baseball team—Malloy, p.; Leach, c.; Sweeney, 1st b.; Lynch, 2d b.; Kanuce, 3d b.; Batch, s. s.; Randall, r. f.; Croker, c. f.; Mike, l. f. Manager—S. Kreig.

## Fardales (Washington, D. C.), 9; Young Americas, 4.

Fardales baseball team—(Regular team.) Young America baseball team—Stevens, p.; King, c.; Snow, 1st b.; Beecher, 2d b.; Tenley, 3d b.; Kacter, s. s.; Connolly, r. f.; Rollins, c. f.; Steinwerd, l. f. Manager—S. Kreig.

## Fardales (Washington, D. C.), 8; Corcorans, 2.

Fardales baseball team—(Regular team.) Corcorans baseball team—Bruce, p.; Bolland, c.; Shaw, 1st b.; Witt, 2d b.; Minore, 3d b.; Hentz, s. s.; Phelps, r. f.; Simon, c. f.; Shelly, l. f. Manager—S. Kreig.

## Fardales (Washington, D. C.), 8; Cairo, 10.

Fardales baseball team—(Regular team.) Cairo baseball team—I. Briscoe, p.; N. Briscoe, c.; R. Sampson (capt.), 1st b.; F. Goode, 2d b.; C. Stephenson, 3d b.; H. Sampson, s. s.; C. Dugan, r. f.; J. Dugan, c. f.; F. Bowine, l. f. Manager—S. Kreig.

## Fardales (Washington, D. C.), 8; Cairo, 1.

Fardales baseball team—(Regular team.) Cairo baseball team—Briscoe, p.; Briscoe, c.; Sampson, 1st b.; Goode, 2d b.; Stephenson, 3d b.; Sampson, s. s.; C. Dugan, r. f.; Bowe, c. f.; Richards, l. f. Manager—S. Kreig.

## Fardales (Washington, D. C.), 9; Corcorans, 3.

Fardales baseball team—(Regular team.) Corcorans baseball team—Bruce, p.; Bolland, c.; Shaw, 1st b.; Witt, 2d b.; Minore, 3d b.; Hentz, s. s.; Phelps, r. f.; Simon, c. f.; Shelly, l. f. Manager—S. Kreig.

## Fardales (Washington, D. C.), 9; Olympias, 8.

Fardales baseball team—(Regular team.) Olympia baseball team—Whitehead, p.; Stewart, c.; Crowe, 1st b.; Honiker, 2d b.; D. Murphy, 3d b.; G. Seitz, s. s.; B. Porter, r. f.; Collier, c. f.; Seitz, l. f. Manager—S. Kreig.

## Ansley (Bay St. Louis, Miss.), 20; Nationals, 6.

Ansley baseball team—Hoffman, p.; Delleuze, c.; Thee, 1st b.; Taconi, 2d b.; Strong, 3d b.; Vassalli, s. s.; Dillman, r. f.; Schwall, c. f.; Euseneau, l. f. Nationals baseball team—Ladner, p.; Mauffray, c.

Hulter, 1st b.; Martinez, 2d b.; Tanard, 3d b.; Seube, s. s.; Ratelle, r. f.; Graham, c. f.; Hart, l. f. Manager—Ed. C. Ansley.

## Ansleys (Bay St. Louis, Miss.), 10; S. S. C., 0.

Ansley baseball team—(Regular team.) S. S. C. baseball team—Bron, p.; Bucks, c.; Blanchard, 1st b.; Martinez, 2d b.; Hungerford, 3d b.; Robt. Miaux, s. s.; Tucuit, r. f.; Donahue, c. f.; De la Croix, l. f. Manager—Ed. C. Ansley.

## Ansleys (Bay St. Louis, Miss.), 12; All Irish, 0.

Ansley baseball team—(Regular team.) All Irish baseball team—McGuire, p.; Lynch, c.; Furey, 1st b.; Cronin, 2d b.; Mulligan, 3d b.; Toohey, s. s.; Fahy, r. f.; McGloin, c. f.; Stafford, l. f. Manager—Ed. C. Ansley.

## White Stars (Chicago, Ill.), 15; Green Sox, 4.

White Stars baseball team—Lannon, p.; Shefne, c.; Carey (capt.), 1st b.; Galvin, 2d b.; Alley, 3d b.; Fitzgerald, s. s.; Coyle, r. f.; Rayson, c. f.; Nash, l. f. Green Sox baseball team—Moody, p.; Snider, c.; Hemphill, 1st b.; Wagner, 2d b.; Fleming, 3d b.; Dingan, s. s.; B. Snider (capt.), r. f.; Evers, c. f.; Belt, l. f. Manager—Carey.

## White Stars (Chicago, Ill.), 7; Green Sox, 0.

White Stars baseball team—(Regular team.) Moody, p.; Snider, c.; Hemphill, 1st b.; Wagner, 2d b.; Fleming, 3d b.; Dingan, s. s.; B. Snider, r. f.; Evers, c. f.; Belt, l. f. Manager—Carey.

## White Stars (Chicago, Ill.), 5; Green Sox, 1.

White Stars baseball team—(Regular team.) Moody, p.; Snider, c.; Hemphill, 1st b.; Wagner, 2d b.; Fleming, 3d b.; Dingan, s. s.; B. Snider, r. f.; Evers, c. f.; Belt, l. f. Manager—Carey.

## White Stars (Chicago, Ill.), 3; Eagles, 0.

White Stars baseball team—(Regular team.) Eagles baseball team—O'Hare, p.; Lane, c.; Jackson, 1st b.; Murphy, 2d b.; Parker (capt.), 3d b.; Randall, s. s.; Stevens, r. f.; McVeigh, c. f.; Culver, l. f. Manager—Carey.

## White Stars (Chicago, Ill.), 12; Scrubs, 0.

White Stars baseball team—(Regular team.) Scrubs baseball team—Parks, p.; Cummings, c.; McGuirk, 1st b.; Johnson, 2d b.; H. Galvin, 3d b.; Martin, s. s.; Davis, r. f.; Emmet, c. f.; Hickey, l. f. Manager—Carey.

## White Stars (Chicago, Ill.), 5; Scrubs, 2.

White Stars baseball team—(Regular team.) Scrubs baseball team—Cronk, p.; Cummings, c.; McGuirk, 1st b.; Johnson, 2d b.; F. Galvin, 3d b.; Martin, s. s.; Davis, r. f.; Emmet, c. f.; Parks, l. f. Manager—Carey.

## White Stars (Chicago, Ill.), 8; Tip Top A. C., 0.

White Stars baseball team—(Regular team.) Tip Top A. C. baseball team—Deering, p.; Rigney, c.; Mitchell, 1st b.; Parker, 2d b.; Course, 3d b.; Hayes, s. s.; Miller, r. f.; Hockett, c. f.; O'Dea, l. f. Manager—Carey.

## White Stars (Chicago, Ill.), 6; Tip Top A. C., 0.

White Stars baseball team—(Regular team.) Tip Top A. C. baseball team—Hayes, p.; Rigney (capt.), c.; Mitchell, 1st b.; Parker, 2d b.; Cowie, 3d b.; Mullen, s. s.; O'Dea, r. f.; Hackett, c. f.; Chopin, l. f. Manager—Carey.

## White Stars (Chicago, Ill.), 12; Sluggers, 0.

White Stars baseball team—(Regular team.) Sluggers baseball team—McGuire, p.; Dolley, c.; Ogden, 1st b.; Henry, 2d b.; Welsh, 3d b.; Barlow, s. s.; Spoor, r. f.; Keene, c. f.; Tanney, l. f. Manager—Carey.

## White Stars (Chicago, Ill.), 8; Tip Top A. C., 0.

White Stars baseball team—(Regular team.) Tip Top A. C. baseball team—Hayes, p.; Rigney (capt.), c.; Mitchell, 1st b.; Parker, 2d b.; Cowie, 3d b.; Mullen, s. s.; O'Dea, r. f.; Hackett, c. f.; Chopin, l. f. Manager—Carey.

## Bachelors (Terre Haute, Ind.), 5; Grand Avenues, 1.

Bachelors baseball team—Dailey, p.; Rheinhardt, c.; G. Breinig, 1st b.; Bigwood, 2d b.; Barbazette, 3d b.; Bindley, s. s.; Brown, r. f.; C. Breinig, c. f.; Tully, l. f. Grand Avenue baseball team—Barr, p.; H. Conover, c.; O. Conover, 1st b.; Moore (capt.), 2d b.; Dorham, 3d b.; Van Borsum, s. s.; Shuehardt, r. f.; Smock, c. f.; Rogers, l. f. Manager—George J. Breinig.

## Bachelors (Terre Haute, Ind.), 9; Oolitic And., 9.

Bachelors baseball team—(Regular team.) Oolitic baseball team—Mayer, p.; McDowd, c.; Arthur, 1st b.; C. Lemmons, 2d b.; Prow, 3d b.; Brock, s. s.; Carmichael, r. f.; T. Lemmons, c. f.; Smallwood (mgr.), l. f. Manager—George J. Breinig.

## Bachelors (Terre Haute, Ind.), 10; Weneede Team, 0.

Bachelors baseball team—(Regular team.) Weneede baseball team—Dilig, p.; H. Snider (mgr.), c.; Preston, 1st b.; Powers, 2d b.; Holt, 3d b.; Daley, s. s.; Phillips, r. f.; Clark, c. f.; Biel, l. f. Manager—George J. Breinig.

## Bachelors (Terre Haute, Ind.), 8; Grays, 2.

Bachelors baseball team—(Regular team.) Grays baseball team—Collins, p.; Hudnut, c.; R. Walker (mgr.), 1st b.; Herkimer, 2d b.; Sullivan, 3d b.; Kirk, s. s.; Mills, r. f.; Schnell, c. f.; Laughead, l. f. Manager—Geo. J. Breinig.

## Bachelors (Terre Haute, Ind.), 9; Woodward Colts, 0.

Bachelors baseball team—(Regular team.) Woodward Colts baseball team—Roach, p.; F. Smith, c.; G. Woodward (capt.), 1st b.; Schaal, 2d b.; Fleming, 3d b.; Hampton, s. s.; Curry, r. f.; Sankey, c. f.; P. Martin (mgr.), l. f. Manager—G. J. Breinig.

## Bachelors (Terre Haute, Ind.), 12; H. L. &amp; D. Co., 7.

Bachelors baseball team—(Regular team.) H. L. & D. Co. baseball team—Hunter, p.; Kickler, c.; P. Kickler, 1st b.; Hayes, 2d b.; Eldred, 3d b.; Coons, s. s.; Lee, r. f.; Dengler, c. f.; Keuncke, l. f. Manager—G. J. Breinig.

## Bachelors (Terre Haute, Ind.), 11; Woodward Colts, 0.

Bachelors baseball team—(Regular team.) Woodward Colts baseball team—Holland, p.; Dronburger, c.; G. Woodward (capt.), 1st b.; Schaal, 2d b.; Fleming, 3d b.; Hampton, s. s.; Curry, r. f.; Sankey, c. f.; P. Martin (mgr.), l. f. Manager—G. J. Breinig.

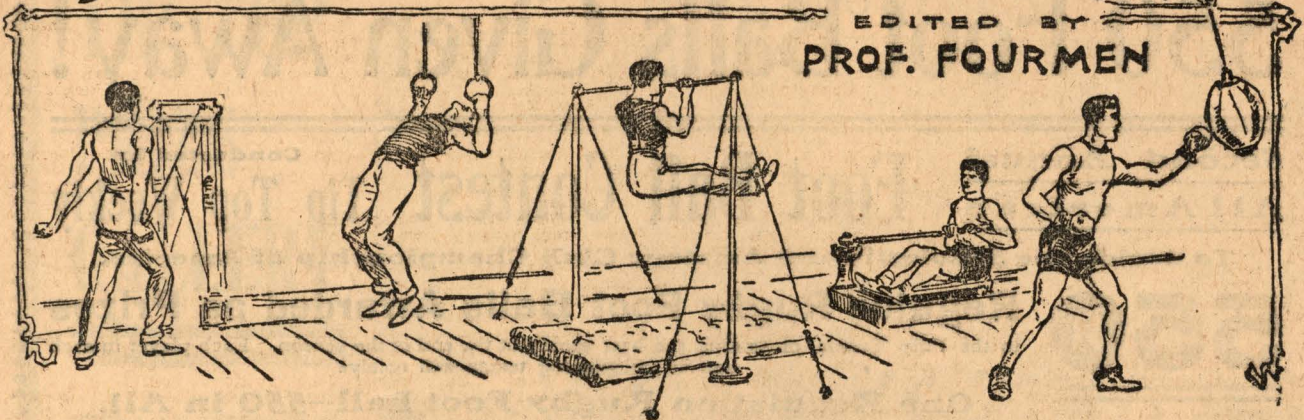
## Bachelors (Terre Haute, Ind.), 8; Bedford, 6.

Bachelors baseball team—(Regular team.) Bedford baseball team—Ellis, p.; Dunn, c.; Wicker, 1st b.; Lennox, 2d b.; Sief, 3d b.; Kennedy, s. s.; Middleton, r. f.; Judah (mgr.), c. f.; Stewart, l. f. Manager—G. J. Breinig.



# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

EDITED BY  
PROF. FOURMEN



Prof. Fourmen: I am fifteen years old, weigh 118 pounds, and am 5 feet 4 1/4 inches in height. Will you please tell me how to strengthen my neck and wrist; also my forearm? Following are my measurements: Neck, 13 1/4 inches; chest, normal, 32 inches; expanded, 35 inches; right forearm, 12 inches; left forearm, 11 1/4 inches; right calf, 13 inches; left calf, 12 1/4 inches; waist, 30 inches; right thigh, 21 inches; left thigh, 20 1/4 inches. Are my measurements good, and are my height and weight correct for my age? Thanking you in advance, I remain,  
ELMER CUNNINGHAM.

1. Read my articles on the muscles, and how to develop them, which appear in Tip Top Nos. 334, 335, 336, and 337. This is just what you want.  
2. Your measurements are fair.

Prof. Fourmen: Being one of the great admirers of Tip Top, I believe I am entitled to the right in asking a few questions. I was talking to a young man who served one term at college at Delaware, Ohio. He said that the muscles should not be hard all the time, but soft and pliable. They should be hard only when expanded or on a strain. He also said men with muscles standing out in knots on their body are no good. Their limbs should be round. Now, is this correct? I look to you for the right information. Another remark he made, that the main muscles were those of the shoulder, chest, legs, and forearms, and the biceps didn't amount to much. Now, please tell me if this is right, as you will be doing as great a favor as I could ask for. I exercise in the morning with dumbbells twenty to twenty-five minutes; then a cold sponge bath and rub-down. Before retiring, I exercise on the horizontal bar twenty minutes; then I go through some exercises they use at the West Point Military Academy about twenty minutes, without apparatus. I practice breathing before and after exercising. Is this programme all right? Another thing I want to ask, which this young man said. He remarked that pinching and pulling the muscles without hurting them was the main thing that developed the muscles. Is that right? I will send you my measurements in the near future. Hoping to see this in the next issue, I will close. Your pupil,  
GEORGE MORRIS.

1. This is certainly a correct statement of facts.
2. The bicep is a muscle of as much importance as any your information mentioned.
3. Your programme is good.
4. Massage of muscles is good as far as it goes, but it does not begin to compare with regular exercise for developing them.

Prof. Fourmen: Being a great lover of athletic sports and pastimes, I thought I would write you a short letter, containing a few of my records, which I hope will meet with your approval. Age, sixteen years; height, 5 feet, 3 1/4 inches; weight, 101 1/2 pounds, stripped. The following records were made with ordinary street clothes on: Running broad jump, 15 feet 6 inches; standing broad jump, 7 feet 10 inches; standing high jump, 3 feet 6 inches; running high kick, 6 feet 6 inches; 12-pound shotput, 26 feet; 100-yards dash, 11 2-5 seconds; quarter-mile run, 65 seconds; pole vault, 7 feet 6 inches. The following record was made in Y. M. C. A. gymnasium: Running high jump, 4 feet 5 inches. I play baseball as pitcher, football as left end; handball, basketball, and ice hockey. Can swim, skate, row, box, and wrestle. Are these records up to the average of a boy of my size and age? Should I rub down with witch hazel before or after taking a bath? Thanking you in advance, yours respectfully,  
A TIP TOP ADMIRER.

Your records and proportions are excellent.

Prof. Fourmen: As of late I have become a great admirer of Tip Top and have not written you before, I would be very much obliged if you would tell me how my records and measurements are. I am fourteen years old, 5 feet 3 inches in height, weigh 102 1/2 pounds. What do you think of my measurements? I can do the 100-yards dash in 12 2-5 seconds. Can do the quarter mile in 80 seconds. Can jump 7 feet 4 inches in the standing broad, and 7 feet 9 inches in the running broad, 4 feet 3 inches in the running high, and 3 feet 5 inches in the standing high. What do you think of my records? Thanking you in advance, and hoping to see this in your book soon, I remain, a great admirer of Tip Top,  
J. L. B.

Your measurements and records are certainly good, and give great promise. Keep on training.

Prof. Fourmen: These are my measurements: I am twelve years

old, weigh 110 pounds, and I am 5 feet 1 inch tall; calf, 16 inches; biceps, 13 inches; forearm, 12 inches; neck, 14 inches; chest, 39 inches; waist, 30 inches. Thanking you in advance,  
ANXIOUS.

Your muscles and development are fair.

Prof. Fourmen: Will you be kind enough to tell me the reason why the right side of my chest sticks out considerably more than my left?  
ANXIOUS.

The muscles on your right side—that is, the right pectoral muscles—are more developed than the left.

Prof. Fourmen: Would like very much if you would express your opinion as to my physical development, through the columns of the Tip Top, which are as follows: Age, eighteen; height, 5 feet 10 1/4 inches; weight, 165 pounds; chest normal, 38 inches; chest deflated, 33 inches; chest inflated, 36 inches; waist, 30 inches; right forearm, 11 inches; right biceps, 12 1/4 inches; left forearm, 10 1/4 inches; left biceps, 12 inches; neck, 15 inches; calf, 14 1/4 inches; thigh, 20 inches. Thanking you very much in advance, and hoping to see this in Tip Top soon,  
B. T.

Your measurements are excellent.

Prof. Fourmen: I would like to state that a great many of the Gloucester Junior Baseball Club have deserted, and are going to name themselves the Gloucester Juniors. The deserters are Raymond Moyer, L. Rambo, L. Lane, W. Gilmore, F. Butler, P. Addison, W. Hyland, R. Baile, H. McGuigan, but the original Gloucester Juniors have stayed together, and are filling their places with new members. The line-up of the original Gloucester Juniors will be sent later on, so if the Gloucester Juniors win the pennant, remember there are two teams of the same name, but the original Gloucester Juniors have John A. Barnes for captain and manager.  
JOHN A. BARNES,

Captain and Manager.

Prof. Fourmen: For the last two years, John Barnes has been captain of the Gloucester Junior Baseball Club, but on September 4th we held a meeting, and Raymond Moyer was elected captain. The team released John Barnes, John MacAleese and W. Baile for bad playing. Now John Barnes is making up a new team, and intends to call it the Gloucester Juniors. The following are the original Gloucester Juniors: Moyer, c.; Rambo, p.; Lane, 1st b.; Gilmore, 2d b.; Butler, s. s.; Addison, 3d b.; Hylen, l. f.; R. Baile, c. f.; McGuigan, r. f. We understand that John Barnes is going to write you a letter stating not to recognize Raymond Moyer's or L. Lane's signatures on any of your coupons, but when you see those signatures, please credit it to the Gloucester Junior Baseball Club, and oblige.  
RAYMOND H. MOYER.

This matter has been referred to me by the baseball editor for my decision. As far as the rupture between the players of the Gloucester Juniors goes, you must settle that for yourselves, but in this country the majority rules. Oftentimes the majority is totally wrong. Nevertheless, the majority is the sovereign power. Applying this rule to the Gloucester difficulty, I must decide that the team now comprising the majority of the original Gloucester Juniors will be recognized and considered as the Gloucester team. Each team is composed of nine players, and six is a generous working majority. I do not for a moment wish to decide on the merits of the question, of which I have not all the facts, but I am only anxious to be fair in the American sense, which demands that the majority shall always receive the advantage in any controversy.

Prof. Fourmen: I have been reading Tip Top Weekly for some time, and wish to ask a few questions. How are my measurements? Age, seventeen; height, 6 feet 1 inch; weight, 170 pounds; chest, normal, 34 inches; expanded, 39 1/4 inches. I have been taking exercises for about a month, and have gained some, and expect to gain more. How long must I exercise before I can begin to drop off and take lighter exercise? A few days ago I had a fall from a horizontal bar, which did me up for a while, for I hit the back of my head on the floor hard. Since then I have had dizzy spells, and my mind is wrong at times, while I have a continual headache. What would you advise me to do?  
W. C. M.

1. Your measurements are good.
2. At least three months.
3. Take a rest for several days. You will soon come round all right.



# 550 Foot Balls Given Away!

**Second Annual  
All American**

**Foot Ball Contest** Conducted by **Tip Top Weekly**

To decide the Scholastic and Amateur Club Championship of America.

## 550

**Regular Rugby Foot Balls Awarded as Prizes**

to the Fifty Teams presenting the best scores at the end of the season. Each player in each one of the winning teams will receive

**One Regulation Rugby Foot Ball—550 in All.**

The Greatest Prize Offer Ever Made in the United States for any Athletic Contest.

## Remember

That TIP TOP awarded as the prize in last year's Foot Ball Contest the Complete Foot Ball Outfit for One Entire Team.

That TIP TOP awarded as prizes in this year's Baseball Tournament Four Complete Baseball Outfits for Four Entire Teams.

**Magnificent Prizes! Splendid Opportunities!**

**Remember** That TIP TOP now Offers **550—RUGBY FOOT BALLS—550** in the Second Annual TIP TOP Foot Ball Contest.

**Greater Opportunities! Better Chances! More Winners!**

This time than ever before. Get aboard when the first whistle blows and keep your places till you land some of the great crop of Footballs.

**Now's Your Time Managers!** Don't let this splendid opportunity slip through your fingers. Get your team in trim at once and get in your coupons for every game during the season.

Those teams having the best scores at the close of the Season will be declared the winners. The team having the best record will be declared **THE TIP TOP CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM OF 1902**, and in addition to regular prize will receive—An All Silk Pennant—bearing the legend which announces—Their Championship. All Official Scores will be published in **Tip Top Weekly**. The contest will be decided on the scores published in **Tip Top**. Don't miss a single game! A coupon for every game!

## Read These Directions

For making out Score Coupons: The manager of each competing team after every game should write the names of his players in the left hand column of coupon in such a manner that the position of the respective players are indicated by the letters in the middle column. He should then write the names of his opponent's team in the right hand column. In case score coupons of more than one game are to be sent in at the same time, only the coupon of the first game should have the names of the manager's team. In the left hand column of the remaining coupons, the manager should write "Regular Team." Be sure to give the name, town and State of both teams.

**Score Coupon for TIP TOP FOOT BALL CONTEST.** (Cut out on dotted line.)

The _____	F. B. Team Score _____	The _____	F. B. Team Score _____
Of _____		Of _____	
	RE		
	RT		
	RG		
	C		
	LG		
	LT		
	LE		
	Q		
	RHB		
	LHB		
	FB		
			Manager.

**FIFTY FOOT BALL POSTERS FREE!**

**SEND FOR THEM.**



# TIP TOP PRIZE GALLERY

PRIZE PHOTO-  
GRAPH No. 17,  
entered in the Contest  
by **RUDOLPH SCHEER**

of Manchester, N. H.

takes the Second Prize.



OVER THE BAR FOR A HIGH ONE

PRIZE PHOTO No. 18



A ONE-HANDED HOLD-UP

THE SECOND PRIZE CONSISTS OF

a Complete Korona Camera Outfit comprising a folding-box camera of polished cherry, all metal work of brass heavily nickel-plated, bellows of best procurable red leather, let-down, extensible front, coverings of black seal-grain cow-hide, focusing apparatus, a special rack and pinion device, three plate holders, each carrying two 4x5 plates, instantaneous lens with bulb shutter, all compact in a fine black sole leather carrying case provided with shoulder strap.

THIS IS CERTAINLY A SPLENDID PRIZE

THE WINNER of the First Consolation Prize is Photo-  
graph No. 18, entered by

**M. W. SMITH,** of Bluffton  
Ind.

The character of the Consolation Prizes will be announced next week.  
Bear in mind that (26) Twenty-six (26) Prizes have been awarded in this  
Photographic Contest.

NOW, THEN, EVERYBODY GET BUSY  
FOR THE SNAP-SHOT WORK OF

Tip Top's  
Second  
Annual **PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST**

**FALL AND WINTER SPORTS**

The Best Amateur Photograph of any Fall or Winter  
Game or Sport takes the First Prize, which will be

**A FULL PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT**

Our Artist Will Act as Judge in the Contest.

A CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY.

COME ONE! COME ALL!



# Tip Top Foot Ball Series.

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*First Foot Ball Story  
of the Season appears  
in Tip Top Weekly,  
No. 338.*

*Are you ready for the  
kick-off of The Second  
Annual . . . . .*

## TIP TOP Foot Ball Contest.

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*Get on the jump!*

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**BEST EVER PUBLISHED.**